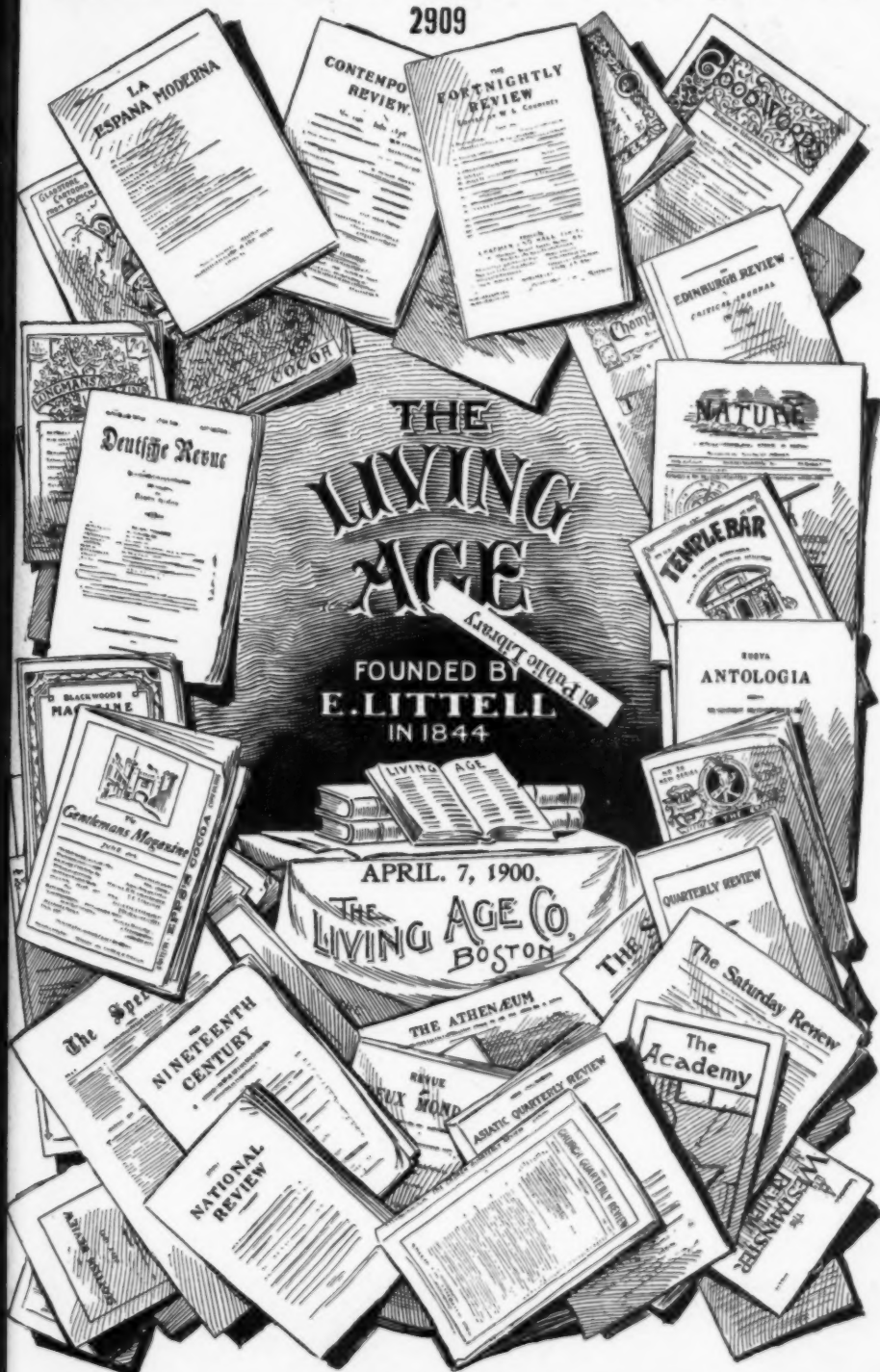


JOHN RUSKIN. By Julia Wedgwood.

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JOHN RUSKIN.

The name of John Ruskin recalls phases of intellectual activity, so diverse, even so heterogeneous, that many of those who pronounce it with a common admiration may be said to be thinking of different men. To express any judgment as to the relative merits of these men—to decide between the claims of the art critic and the social reformer on the gratitude of their kind—may be rather to communicate information about oneself than to contribute towards a judgment of one in whom, through all these varied aspects of his personality, we must reverence lofty ideals, untiring industry, and disinterested devotion to his fellow men. The opinion, here avowed, that the earliest phase of his genius was its brightest, may be partly due to the fact that the glow of its emergence blends with that of a far-off youth. When Ruskin speaks of Nature and Art, he seems to me inspired. When he turns to finance, to politics, to the social arrangements and legislative enactments of mankind, I can recognize neither sober judgment nor profound conviction. Every one must regret such an incapacity. It is a natural instinct which desires to find in the recorded results of every life an exhibition of increasingly fertile activity; it is perplexing and disappointing

to have to recognize, without discerning any infidelity to a lofty aim, that the later date points to a lower stage. But the fact, we cannot doubt, is common. Much earnest and patient labor seems fruitless, much rich outpouring is unpreluded by any such labor; the race is not always to the swift, the battle to the strong. Whether the benefactors of mankind have given their harvest early or late is a question full of interest to the biographer, by no means devoid of interest for the historian; its answer teaches much that concerns our knowledge of the course of evolution and the relation of epoch to epoch. But when we come to consider the value of the work, and the rank of the workers, it tells us little or nothing. If the work of the eleventh hour may be worth that of the whole day, so may that of the first hour. Let it not be thought, therefore, that an attempt to estimate the genius and character of a great man removed from us in the fulness of years must aim at minimizing his fame because it is focussed on the first portion of his intellectual activity.

The world on which the genius of John Ruskin first flashed was very different from the world of to-day. When the work of the Oxford Graduate first roused vehement disapproval and pas-

sionate admiration no single name was before the public which has any special interest for our own time. We had never heard of George Eliot or George Meredith, of Herbert Spencer or Matthew Arnold; we knew Charles Darwin as the writer of an interesting book of travels, and Alfred Tennyson as the singer of a few graceful lyrics. The name of Comte was so unfamiliar, that I remember a young man fresh from college, not at all stupid, informing his cousins that it was the French way of writing and pronouncing Kant. We knew nothing of Evolution beyond what we gleaned from the *Vestiges of Creation*, and any question as to the origin of species would have been associated by us with the first chapters of *Genesis*. The popular art of the day was pretty, sentimental, conventional; popular fiction was decorous, heresy was timid, orthodoxy was secure. Science was rather a respectable comrade of literature than the omnipotent dogmatist and legislator we know to-day. It seems, in looking back, as if nothing was the same then as now, except that which is the same always.

This describes the world in which Ruskin wrote and published "*Modern Painters*." But the middle of the century inaugurated a vast change. The stir of '48 was in the air when first we learned to associate the name of John Ruskin with the heavy green volume—so characteristic in its disregard of the reader's convenience—which was rousing such glowing enthusiasm and provoking such fierce indignation that the shape of clouds and the proportion of the branch to the tree became subjects almost as dangerous as the Gorham controversy. The year of revolution seems a natural time for the emergence of his genius into fame. The vague, vivid hopes of that era blend well, at

least in retrospect, with the new ideas he infused into the current of thought, although he had not himself any sympathy with the coming change. The most active foe of one good thing is generally another good thing, and Ruskin's sympathies were diverted from the uprising of the nations, perhaps, by some refraction from that sympathy with classes¹ which always opposes sympathy with nations; and which was, no doubt, a strong tendency with him before it became a dominant impulse. At any rate, the reproach sometimes addressed to literary genius, of a want of sympathy with national life, was not wholly undeserved by him. But it was true of him only as it may have seemed true of Jeremiah. In his genius there was a strong revolutionary element, and it is difficult, in looking back, not to melt it in with the other revolutionary manifestations of the time. From the first it was as a prophet he addressed the world; it was the ring of hortatory earnestness in denunciation or appeal which gave so vivid an originality to dissertations on matters previously associated with mere dilettantism. The tone of the pulpit, enforcing the teaching of the artist, was something wonderfully entrancing to a generation knowing that kind of earnestness only in connection with religion; and his teaching gathered up much of the attention which was then withdrawing itself from the ebbing tide of the High Church revival. He influenced many who hated or despised the High Church revival; some voices sound in my ear, as I write, which seem to protest against a judgment either obliterating from recollection a whole-hearted and characteristic admiration, or else associating it with a discipleship the unseen speakers never approached near enough to repudiate. As

¹ I need hardly inform any reader that the barbarous and confusing antithesis of "classes and masses" has no bearing here. The masses are

classes. I am opposing the stratification of the civilized world to the organic unity of a nation.

I listen to them, and follow them till their vanishing out of sight, it seems hard to retain my conviction that the life of Ruskin stood in any relation to a great Church movement. And yet it does seem to me that the enthusiasm with which we welcomed the first wonderful volume would have been something different if it had come before the "Tracts for the Times," and all that they suggest and imply. How much they suggest and imply which their authors would never have accepted as standing towards them in any relation whatever! How many a great man would draw back in astonishment if he were shown his spiritual heir! I believe that John Ruskin was, in some sense, the heir of John Newman. The successor would have recognized the legacy as little as the testator; still, it remains that we, looking back upon both across the chasm of revolutionary years, may recognize a common element in their teaching, a common spirit in their learners, a certain analogy in the result. But such a suggestion needs a brief excursion beyond its immediate limits.

The spiritual life of the past was bound up with the conception of authority—that is, of visible authority, of guides discernible to mortal eyes in the flesh, or present in the writings which were a solid guarantee for their decision. The men who revered the Church and the men who revered the Bible have set the keynote of what religion we have known in the first two milleniums of Christianity. The dominion of an infallible church was split up 500 years ago by those who asserted the dominion of an infallible book; our own time has recognized the analogy between the two claims, and, setting both on one level, has prepared the way for a conception including all that is true in both, or else for a blank denial of any important subject-matter represented by either. The worship-

pers of the book and the worshippers of the church have sometimes united their forces against their common foes, but the union is transient, the antagonism has been perennial. Seventy years ago the claims of the church, after a long slumber, began to revive. It was, to many minds, like a breath of spring. The first stirrings of a new belief that an institution visible among men was not merely a commemoration of what had passed away and a promise of what was to come, but an actual fountain of power and life—this came as a wonderful revival of much besides personal religion. It is still commemorated in beautiful buildings, in some true poetry, in much interesting fiction; it marks an era in art and literature, and encircles the memories of that time like an atmosphere, coloring what it did not mould. I have seen a copy of the *Christian Year*, which bears sympathetic pencillings from William Wilberforce; in a contemporary copy of the *Lyra Apostolica* I find initials recalling a much wider divergence from High Church doctrine even than his. It is almost as surprising to trace the hostility as the sympathy which it aroused. The vehement protests against "Newmanism" contained in the letters of Dr. Arnold, for instance, strike one, at the present hour, as betraying a strange ignorance of issues so close at hand when he wrote—issues beside which his divergence from John Newman seems a small thing. It was a movement swaying more or less the spirits of men who opposed, repudiated, or even ignored it. But the ebb was rapid, and the strength of the current was soon forgotten.

When Ruskin first became famous the current was already slackening. Its Romeward tendencies were clearly recognized; its greatest teacher had openly joined that church, and many were following him. The Broad Church, though not so named till later, was beginning to be felt as a stirring of vague hereti-

cal tendencies, attractive to what then seemed audacious thought. There was a kind of blank in the world which Ruskin was eminently adapted to fill. He was, we may say, Catholic and Protestant at once. He has told us in his deeply-interesting fragments of autobiography that his mother made him learn the Bible by heart, and has actually expressed his gratitude to her for the discipline. His Scotch blood somehow benefited by a process which might, one would think, have resulted in making him loathe the deepest poetry in the world's literature. The Bible has passed into his heart, his imagination, not less effectively than into his memory; so far he is a Scotchman and a Protestant. But he could not be a Protestant in an exclusive sense. We cannot, indeed, say that his writings are untouched by this narrow Protestantism; his criticism of Raphael's well-known cartoon of the giving of the keys to Peter seems to me even a grotesque instance of it. To blame a great church painter for translating into pictorial record the symbolism of the command "Feed my sheep," instead of reproducing with careful accuracy the details of a chapter of St. John he may never have read—this we must confess to be a strange aberration of genius into something like stupidity. It is so far characteristic that it expresses Ruskin's hatred of the Renaissance; but it leads the reader who seeks to understand his real bent of sympathy astray. The spirit of the Renaissance was equally hostile to Catholicism and Protestantism. Ruskin, by birth and breeding, a child of stern Scotch Protestantism, was, by the necessities of his art-life, an exponent of that which is enduring in the influence of the Catholic Church. For what has given enduring power to Rome, in spite of her association in the past with all that is foul and all that is cruel, is her hold on the vast, deep, lofty revelation that what we see and what we

handle is not only an object for sight and touch, but a language unfolding to us the reality of that which eye hath not seen and shall not see. This truth, known in ecclesiastical dialect as the Real Presence, however contemptuously ignored or passionately denied in that particular form, is one that will never lose its hold upon the hearts of men; the church which bears witness to it survives crimes and follies, and manifests in every age its possession of something for which the world consciously or unconsciously never ceases to yearn. "To them that are without, these things are done in parables," is, in some form, the message of almost every great spiritual teacher; it has never been set forth more eloquently than by Ruskin. Sometimes his love of symbolism passes into extravagance. One of the later volumes of "Modern Painters" contains a passage, for instance, on the symbolism of the color scarlet, against which a pencil that was hardly ever permitted such license left a mark of explanation expressing, I will venture to say, the judgment of every sane reader, and though we rarely come upon anything in him that is merely extravagant, we often find it very difficult to go along with his pictorial interpretations. The student who takes with him to the contemplation of any great picture some description from the pen of the great critic is often bewildered in the endeavor to apply it to what he sees before his eyes. Every one must have felt this, I think, in the case which he chooses as the typical example of imagination—Tintoret's great picture at Venice of the Crucifixion. As we make out the figure of the ass behind the Cross, feeding on withered palm trees, in which Ruskin has taught us to see a mournful judgment on the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, we cannot but ask ourselves—How much did the critic find, and how much did he bring? It is pathetic to remem-

ber that he was himself at times conscious of the doubt. "I wonder how much Shakespeare really meant of all that," he once said to a friend, after listening to a lecture on Shakespeare. "I suppose, at any rate, he meant more than we can follow, and not less," said his friend—Frederick Maurice. "Well, that is what I used to think of Turner," he replied, sadly, "and now I don't know." I give the reminiscence as illustrating the fluctuating revelations of the prophet, his temptations to doubt the revelation, not as an index to the bent of his true thought. Inspiration and doubt are as substance and shadow; we might almost venture to say that a man must know neither or both. He who has never doubted the revelation has never, in the true sense of the word, believed it. But the message was in the revelation, not the doubt.

Those haunting voices, which come back as I write, seem again to bring their protest against any association of the lesson of Ruskin with mystic truth. "What we cared for in his teaching," I hear them say, "was not hidden meaning or mystery; it was an escape from all that. He taught us to see things. He opened our eyes to discern what was before us. The waves had danced and broken on the shore. The clouds had woven gold and silver draperies over our head, and we had looked at them, but when Ruskin anointed our eyes with his euphrasy and rue, we discovered that we had never previously seen them. To see the beautiful world is enough; an excursion into that region would be only embarrassed by this heavy baggage of symbolism." The protest embodies the recollections of hundreds, perhaps thousands—my own among them. How vividly across the mist of years I recall first reading his description of a wave. The waves, as I read, broke round me on rocks and sand I had known from childhood, yet my feeling was one of perplexity.

"What can this and that mean—overhanging lips, lacework, etc.—I have often seen waves and never all that!" It was like reading it in a foreign tongue. Then I looked at the waves, and discovered that never before had I seen one. Perhaps even more have felt this in looking at the clouds; for no spot of earth shuts us off from testing the truth of his description of them. Ruskin did for every reader what spectacles do for a short-sighted person. Where we saw a vague blur he gave definite form and distinct color. He did not necessarily pass on a message from the breaking wave and the melting cloud, but he could not have passed on the outward image if to him it had not been much more than an image. It would not have been sight to his readers if to him it had not been thought.

Perhaps I may make my meaning clearer by comparing him with a great poet. Wordsworth saw in Nature the same kind of reflection and interpretation of the moral life of man as Ruskin saw in Art. He brought Wordsworth's ideas afresh to the minds of men, dyed with fresh splendor and purified from their clogging accretions. Eloquence is not subject to the invasions of the prosaic in the same way that verse is, and is also more welcome to an average intelligence. To translate poetry into eloquence is, for the time at all events, to give its meaning a wider audience. One who reads the lines on Peel Castle, on revisiting the Wye, the sonnet beginning "Hail, Twilight," and one or two others, and then turns to many passages in "Modern Painters," may test the effect of such a translation. Both writers bring home to the mind of the reader that he who sees only outward things sees these incompletely. If Ruskin were remembered only as one who had taught us to look at the outward face of Nature, we should have incurred a deep debt of gratitude to him,

but he could not have done that if he had done nothing else. He could not have unveiled the beauty of earth and sky unless to him beauty had been also language. If to many of those who were most moved by his glowing words it remained mere beauty, it was much to them because it was more to him. The message of a teacher, as it lives in the mind of a learner, is necessarily incomplete. If it is to be a vital growth it must be also a fragment.

In calling Ruskin the heir rather of Newman than of Wordsworth, and yet considering his teaching mainly a rendering in eloquence of Wordsworth's poetry, I have tried to mark the effect of his personality. What we mean by personal influence is difficult to define; in some sense all influence must be personal; and if it be taken as implying an impressive personality, it could not be applied to him. When he first became a familiar figure in London drawing-rooms as a young man, I fancy the effect on the ardent admirers of his book was disappointing. The general impression, as far as I can recall it after fifty years, was somewhat pallid, somewhat ineffective. There was nothing in the unsubstantial, but not graceful, figure, the aquiline face, the pale tone of coloring, the slight lisp, to suggest a prophet. I recall these faint echoes from my girlhood, because in their very insignificance they bring out what I mean by the personal element in his influence. The impression of such a personality as John Newman's, for instance (whom I never saw), might have created a glamor concealing the influence of soul on soul. There was no glamor about Mr. Ruskin. I daresay anything which might be so described was at its lowest when he was seen against the background of "Society," as he never was after the beginning of his fame. But there could never have been much of it at any time. And yet the element of a personality was as much

in his influence as in John Newman's. We judge him imperfectly from his books. He was a fountain of actual, living influence. When I recall the few times of meeting him I have a sense of coming nearer to a human spirit than in recalling the sight of other remarkable men, a sense I could not justify by any words he spoke, even if I could quote them. There was something in him forthcoming, trustful, human. The occasion on which I felt this most was once at the National Gallery, where I was copying a picture, and he came to look at my attempt. He cannot have praised it, or I should remember what he said, but I remember feeling almost embarrassed by the wonderful respectfulness in his attention. It was not that he was a distinguished man and I a girl producing a mediocre daub—we were, for the time, two students of Turner, standing side by side before a great work. And, again, I felt this, the last time I ever saw him. It was in his drawing-room at Denmark Hill; years had passed and everything was changed. I suppose it was at the saddest time of his life. "The world looks black to me," is the only speech I remember, and I do not remember the words accurately, but they give an impression from that visit of which I am certain. It happened to be a very inconvenient visit to him; he had written to beg me and a friend to defer it, and some mistake about his letter brought him his undesired guests in spite of it, but he showed us his Turners as graciously as if he had been longing to see us, and I felt again how wonderfully he accepted any love of art as an equal platform where we might communicate without any looking up or down. I recall the sad, wandering expression in his eyes as they met mine, with a wonderful sense of pathos; it was like looking into the face of a child. And again I felt that contact with an unshrinking humanity which makes up, surely, a

large part of the reminiscence of all his acquaintance. Perhaps I seem to describe a quite ordinary quality in using those words, yet, in truth, it is very rare. The sense of contact with a human spirit, a real meeting—as distinguished from a passing recognition—is, with most persons, a distinction stamped with preference. It must be a part of the recollection of all personal dealing with him, even when it was not all genial. I remember about the same time as my National Gallery interview, a beautiful girl speaking with impatience of his “affected humility,” and the remark of a hearer that one would be glad of a little even affected humility in him. The two remarks recur with reference to a quality which was, I am sure, deeply sincere, but which, no doubt, seemed heterogeneous with much else in him. It was mainly those who knew him through his books who thought him conceited. Whatever they may have had to complain of, it was not anything that had a touch of condescension. Whatever they may have missed, it was not the open door of an hospitable mind.

I should sum up the impressions I have tried to revive in saying that Ruskin seemed to me to gather up all that was best in spiritual democracy. Of what may be called his democracy in a more exact sense I have confessed that I have nothing to say. In spite of some weighty testimony, I cannot regard it as even a strong influence, from him on his time; it seems to me rather the vivid expression of a strong influence upon him from others. But it sprang from that central core of his teaching, his belief in beauty as a Divine Sacrament. For this belief involves the conviction that this table of the Lord must be open to all. From that feast none must be shut out. And the discovery that whole classes are shut out, that the bulk of the world's workers cannot see the beauty of a

tree or a flower, because sordid cares and physical wretchedness weave an opaque veil before their eyes—this discovery made Ruskin a Socialist. Why, he seemed always saying, should a message, in its nature universal, be silenced by luxury on the one hand, as much as by penury on the other? The feverish hunt for wealth curtains off the influence of Nature almost as much as the desperate struggle with poverty, while the commercial development which creates a few millionaires and a mass of overdriven workers (so he reasoned) creates also a hideous world. He longed to spread the truly human life. He hated the phase of civilization which cut off, as he thought, from whole classes of men the power to drink in the message of Nature and of Art. Those of his writings which deal with this subject fail to exhibit to my eyes the grace and force which belong to his earlier period. But their true spirit of brotherhood must be acknowledged by all.

Ruskin must always have been singularly open to influence from other minds. I remember well his meeting Frederick Maurice at our house, soon after the publication of his “Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds,” a little theological pamphlet which, according to a story told and probably invented at the time, was bought by a farmer who thought its title an index to its contents. Mr. Maurice was made very indignant by some passage in it which suggested a stricter fencing of the Christian life from the invasion of sinners. “Mr. Ruskin ought to do penance in a white sheet for such a doctrine,” he said, in a letter to a common friend. The letter was shown to Ruskin and drew from him a beautifully candid and simple request for explanation, unaccompanied by an angry word. Mr. Maurice was profoundly touched, and the little correspondence brought out from those two noble souls a music

that lingers in my ears as does hardly any other utterance of either. "Mine is a dark faith," Ruskin wrote, with a full readiness to be enlightened by one who had applied such severe words to his utterance. It might certainly be said that one who felt his own a dark faith had better not try to enlighten others, but I think the candor and humility of his willingness, under those circumstances, to be enlightened are much more rare and much more valuable than a modest caution in advancing opinions which had afterwards to be withdrawn. He lived his faith,

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whatever it was, as fully as ever did a human being. I have said that those who admire him are sometimes thinking of different men, but that dual personality of which most of us are so mournfully conscious both within and without—the seeker after lofty truth, and the compromiser with what is low and narrow—of this he knew nothing. He was true to his aspirations; they may not always have been either wise or consistent, but they were always one with his life. A teacher can hardly have a nobler epitaph.

Julia Wedgwood.

NEW ENGLAND IN WAR-TIME.

It is difficult to say whether the two Englands, the Old and the New, have or have not more points of resemblance than of contrast. They are very like, and also very unlike. Both are separated from the rest of the world by tangible barriers, and, in a measure, isolated. England is cut off by sundry seas and watery channels from the continent of Europe and her adjacent islands, and divided from her only land neighbor by romantic, if not very lofty, hills. New England is nearly severed from the rest of the American continent (speaking without minute geographical exactness) by a range of picturesque mountains and two noble and broad-flowing rivers; while the Atlantic Ocean forms an effective barrier between her shores and the continents of this hemisphere. If the Old England is physically insular, the New England is peninsular; and it is possible that the limitations which are supposed to characterize the people of the one are not wholly unshared by those of the other.

To explain and define New England

is not so unnecessary as it may seem, as several writers and especially novelists appear to confound it with the whole of the American Union, oblivious of the fact that it is merely its small easternmost corner, the six states originally settled by the English Puritans, who gave it its name, and the social, religious and intellectual characteristics for which it has long been known.

This complete or partial isolation has led to conditions of much similarity in the two countries in regard to wars—that is, to the wars of their respective empires, if one may so speak. Both, for many years, have been centres of comparative calm, while the storms of battle have raged without. England, though her armies have been fighting almost continuously abroad, and in or upon the outskirts of her more distant possessions, has known no war in any large military sense for upwards of two hundred years. New England cannot claim quite so long an immunity, the battles of Bunker Hill and Bennington and the

encounter at Lexington having taken place within her borders; but even during the Revolution the main tides of conflict flowed elsewhere—in New York, New Jersey, and the more Southern States. To find the Puritan States under the stress of general warfare within their own limits, one must go back to the seventeenth century, to the struggles with the native Indian tribes. Here one meets with fighting of the most sanguinary kind, horrors enough and to spare, and, as George Herbert says, "anguish of all sizes." There is no more painful reading than the accounts of the night attacks by the stealthy and cruel savages on the unprepared English settlements, such as Deerfield, Hadley and others, and the massacres of men, women and children that followed. It is the stuff that nightmares are made of. The humane and civilized English of the seventeenth century,—speaking, as we always must, in the comparative degree, for there were abundant faults on their own side—found themselves plunged back into the conditions of the eighth and ninth, when the Danes over-ran the land, burning town, hamlet and monastery, and sparing none. The battles of the early settlers, in dark forests and treacherous swamps, with Pequods, Narragansets and Wampanoags (names probably more picturesque than their owners) may not have been magnificent, but they were certainly war of the most effective kind, and usually meant little less than the extermination of the vanquished tribes. After the period of original conquest and occupation, however, the zone of Indian fighting moved westward, and, as I have said, the land saw little warfare on its own soil. The battles with the French, which cost this country the lives of Braddock and Wolfe and first brought Washington into prominence, were fought elsewhere; so, too, were those in the second conflict with England early in the present

century, and, of course, those of the Mexican War some years later, as well as the recent Spanish War with its legacy in the Philippines. It is needless to say that all the operations of the American Civil War were carried on at a distance from the New England States.

The two Englands, therefore, are alike in long exemption from internal wars, and in sending forth their citizens to wage them in other fields. In the younger community, the closest analogy to the conditions now existing here was furnished by the great Civil War of 1861-65. It was called variously a war of secession, a civil war, and a rebellion; but with respect to most of the Northern States, it had much more the nature of a foreign war. The famous political line known as Mason's and Dixon's, which divided the slave-owning states from those in which the "peculiar institution" has long ceased to exist, was by no means unlike the boundary between two different nations. I have personally a faint recollection of crossing the mystic parallel in early youth, and, although there was no frontier custom-house or marked change in the dress or speech of the people on entering the Southern dominions, of feeling myself on foreign ground. It is not, indeed, too much to say that, throughout the greater portion of the North, the call to arms by President Lincoln, after the attack on Fort Sumter in 1861, was responded to in much the same spirit that would have been aroused by the invasion of a foreign foe.

The lack of military preparations throughout the North at the opening of the conflict is supposed to furnish one of the lessons of history, and the speed with which they were made, when it was seen to be inevitable, another. No large regular army, it is needless to say, with an organized body of reserves and militia to draw from, existed; the

small standing army of the Union being, at the time, parcelled out into minute bodies of men serving as garrisons in various forts or stations widely separated from each other and usually remote from the seat of government. The vast Northern army of the war, which began with seventy-five thousand men, enlisted for three months in 1861, was mainly a volunteer one, the draft not taking place till later in the struggle. But all this, again, is matter of history, and straying into wider fields than my title allows. In the New England States the call to war was responded to with an enthusiasm not surpassed in any other part of the country. It is curious that the states which disapproved most strongly of the war with this country in 1812-14, and withheld their support as much as possible, should have burst into a flame of patriotism at the threat of civil war. But doubtless the issues at stake were felt to be of more importance, and the impending conflict promised to be within strictly sectional bounds. To say truth, from the land of the Puritans, or of their descendants, to the sunny South, it was then a particularly far cry, and the separating gulf was not one of distance only. The bar of social differences and repulsions which slavery and a large slave-owning class had erected, had grown more and more formidable as the years went by.

The fitness of the New Englander, whether bred in town or country, for the duties of a soldier was abundantly demonstrated in the proof. The man of the fields, no doubt, had a better physique to begin with, for my impression is that the New England townsman was then somewhat lacking in robustness, the tide of athletics not having fully set in; but the more varied conditions of urban life, and perhaps a better knowledge of hygienic laws, gave the town-enlisted soldier an advantage in the malarial and fever-stricken districts

of the South. The countryman often fared hardly, and in many places it was no mere figure to say that the climate slew more than the enemy. As a rule, he was not a traveller. Men in the amphibious communities of the coast, it is true, sometimes made voyages, long or short, but the inland farmer and laborer were apt to be fixtures, except when they went West for good. It is supposed by some that persons of mature life who have never been beyond the boundaries of their parish are peculiar to these islands; I have, however, met with individuals in the remoter parts of the land of Longfellow who had rarely or never visited the town nearest them, and regarded the attractions of the more distant centres like Boston, New Haven, and New York, as the French peasant in the poem did the fabled glories of Carcassonne, only with less desire to behold them. Others I have seen who literally had never been out of the township in which they were born. Living, therefore, all his life in a climate of noted healthfulness, if of severe extremes, it is not surprising that the rural New Englander often found the conditions of less tonic latitudes more deadly than the enemy's bullets. In this respect he was less fortunate than his British brother, whose much maligned climate seems an excellent preparative for every other. Nevertheless, he not infrequently survived the agues of Virginia, and the rigors of yellow fever in New Orleans, as well as the hail of lead, and returned home with a broadened horizon. One indispensable requisite for soldiering he possessed in common with most Americans; he had the hereditary instinct of marksmanship, the latent, if not always developed, capacity for shooting straight. The blood of the early Indian fighters still ran in his veins, though he was rarely cognizant of their exploits; and he had enjoyed a fair amount of practice upon the game of

his native woods and fields, which, despite the laxity of the game-laws, was tolerably abundant. It was, however, almost wholly practice with the shot-gun, and upon wild geese and ducks, quails, partridges, squirrels, and the like—most of the larger game having been exterminated with the Indians. Dr. Holmes, in a famous poem, describes the old "Queen's arm" as forming a common chimney ornament; but I doubt if, in the country districts, one man in fifty had ever used a rifle or a musket in his life. Indeed, the historic weapon is spoken of as being in a damaged condition. If 'Zekiel, however, could not have given Huldah an exhibition of his prowess with the long-ranged arm, as his countrymen of the South and West might still have done—their shooting must, at least, have equalled Robin Hood's; they used to drive nails into trees, and hit squirrels and rabbits in the eye, to save the skins, at incredibly long distances with their pea-rifles—the root of the matter was undoubtedly in him. With respect to military drill and discipline, a tradition of training and training-days lingered at that time in the country, and there was the proverbial sprinkling of colonels, majors, and captains; but it seemed to me that the holders of the titles had gained them at some remote period, when a different order of things had prevailed. In the larger centres I am aware that there were regular volunteer organizations of a good degree of efficiency.

Coming like Cincinnatus from the plough, or from the factory, the warehouse, and the commercial or professional office, and even from schools and colleges, these excellent citizen-soldiers were first hived in camps for instruction in the rudiments of war. Literally they were of all sorts and conditions. It is said that no other modern army ever had in its ranks so much talent and even genius as this first American

volunteer force; and the New England contingent was, doubtless, not behind the others. One heard of sculptors, poets, and Latin scholars serving as privates. Possibly the French army, in the Franco-Prussian War, may have furnished a parallel; but probably the number thus accomplished was smaller than supposed. At the beginning, a large proportion of the officers, especially those of lower rank, were about of the same social standing as their men; but the traditions and actual experience of training, and the respect for authority, which has always characterized the New England race, despite certain apparent instances to the contrary, prevented insubordination. In the Middle and Western States, I believe, there was more difficulty, and some amusing stories were told. There was much conning of tactics and drill-manuals on the part of the newly-appointed officers, and he who had practical experience imparted to him who had not. Within and without the camps there were arduous and unwonted exercises; but good-humor prevailed, and several varieties of the American joke are said to date from those weeks of toil. Musketry-practice, not carried to too fine a point, came in due course; also, though sometimes elsewhere, the donning of uniforms, the oft-pictured cap (of French origin), and the dark-blue coat and the light-blue trousers that have become historic. Then the different regiments moved southward by land or sea. Whichever the route, they were liable to rough usage before reaching the front. In one notable instance a land-going force, while still unarmed, was almost as severely handled by the mob in a disaffected town as at a later date by the enemy; and those who travelled by sea—in fleets of miscellaneous craft, hastily chartered, and often mere river-boats suited only for inland waters—had a full share of danger, discomfort, and even disaster. Yet

the experience was inspiring and memorable. The scenes of departure were enthusiastic; rather more noisy than those which speed our parting battalions, Africa-bound in much better vessels, but of the same tenor and temper. There were speeches, exhortations, prayers, music, laughter, and the inevitable tears; yet all was taken, I think, somewhat lightly, at least in the earlier departures. Before the final exodus a good many furloughs had been granted, and many families had enjoyed, mostly for the first time in their lives, the spectacle of their men-folk in something other than civilian dress; uniforms being then a comparative rarity in the land, and even so important a personage as the railway conductor frequently undistinguished in this way from his fellow-mortals. Now, I understand it is different. A later stage of the conflict, of course, brought home the actualities of war; the news of meeting armies and the universal tale of losses by death, capture, or disease, and of disablement by wounds, with the return of men, injured or otherwise out of action.

About this time appeared a number of memoirs celebrating the virtues of certain young men of remarkable piety and promise who had been cut off early in the campaign. These works, usually somewhat thin volumes, adorned with handsome portraits of the perished heroes (in uniform), drew so exalted a picture of their characters that one would have thought them more fitly enlisted in the Church militant than in the army of the flesh. Some of these youthful Bayards and Havelocks were of such tender age as to be merely drummer-boys; and in all cases one could not but deplore their untimely removal. The representatives of the arts who fell in the earlier battles also had their elegists, and together there was much sorrow in many households.

Attempts to analyze human motives

are usually futile, especially the motives of collective bodies of men. That the New Englander did not leave his farm or his business to redress the wrongs of the negro, need hardly be said; any more than that the British soldier in the present campaign is chiefly actuated by a wish to prevent the ills which may befall native races in South Africa if the rule of his country is overthrown. Probably few abolitionists were in the Northern army. Animosity towards his Southern brother was never a characteristic of the average man in New England, though aroused strongly enough when the national property and its custodians at Charleston were assailed. He desired to make money out of him if possible; and he had comparatively few social relations with him, his successive migrations, or emigrations, being towards the West.

Again, military glory was not a factor, for the reason hinted at; he was immersed in business-enterprises with which "grim-visaged war" would have interfered. Nor can the fascination of wearing gilt buttons, as alleged by certain Southern historians, be admitted. Therefore, for these and other reasons, he must be credited with patriotism. He fought for his country, to preserve the Union, his Empire, as his opponent with equally strong purpose fought to bring about its dismemberment, and also, no doubt, for the institution of slavery, upon which to him the stability of his world seemed to rest. All this, however, may be said to apply to the whole North. But, happily for themselves, both sides have long since buried the hatchet, or, what is the same in effect, have joined together in using it upon a foreign adversary. The very phrases, *preservation of the Union*, *right of secession*, and so forth, are outworn and forgotten, though the issues were not wholly unlike those now at stake in the British Empire, a racial

problem being involved in the later as in the earlier conflict.

The land of Lowell and Longfellow, of Emerson and of Holmes, Whittier, and Hawthorne, with its bright skies and clear-flowing rivers, its ranges of rock-ribbed hills and mountains, austere of outline and usually clothed with the forests that still approach near to many of its larger towns, was changed in no single feature by the war. No new military works broke the familiar lines of the landscape. Its peaceful, elm-shadowed seats of learning were disturbed by no sieges, bombardments and rude assaults; and no captain, or colonel, or knight in arms, was called on in Miltonic verse to respect the residence or the person of poet or professor. Throughout the land scholastic and academic life, as well as farming and business, pursued their wonted course, and several forms of intellectual activity especially flourished. The vogue of the lecture, for instance, was then at its height and perhaps its best, and other entertainments abounded. Returned soldiers, injured or invalided, and commonly in uniform, were much in evidence; and all kinds of charitable enterprises and organizations connected with the needs of the land and sea forces were at work. Patriotic demonstrations by no means ceased with the first levy of troops. All the chief national holidays were utilized, the Fourth of July lending itself conveniently, though perhaps not logically, to the purpose. That the day which celebrates the political separation of a daughter from a parent state should have been found to have lessons against any further division of the state thus separated, argues an elasticity of function. Possibly it may yet serve as a landmark of international re-union, should that fortunate fate be in store for English-speaking peoples.

One feature notably marked the spirit of the New England people throughout

the four years of fighting,—an unshaken optimism as to the result. I doubt if, from the first, the most timorous person in the six states, if any timorous there were, ever dreamed for a moment of a possible incursion and occupation by a Southern force. Temporary checks they may have expected. Of course, saddened and darkened homes, the eternal blight of war, were many; but losses for the most part were bravely borne. "Not painlessly," sang Whittier,

Not painlessly does God recast
And mould anew the nation.

There were, however, few material hardships; no women and children toiling in the fields perforce; no battle-wrecked towns; no burned homesteads and deserted farms or plantations; no blockaded ports; no makeshifts for clothing and articles of common use; no servile race unsettled by the hope of freedom; no starvation. Emerson could be as cheerful and philosophical as ever, Lowell as humorous and caustic, the Autocrat of many breakfast-tables as sprightly, Longfellow as serene. Hawthorne, the dreamer, lately returned from Europe, and perplexed and disillusioned by the calamity which had befallen his land of untrammelled sunshine, had left it for another.

Of course political unanimity did not reign in the extreme Eastern States any more than elsewhere. History, and at least one novel, record the existence in the North of the politically disaffected person. The novel, using the prevailing vernacular, called him a *copperhead*. The vernacular, however, was wrong; for the reptile so named strikes secretly and silently, while the Southern sympathizer, as I knew him, was, in most cases, a rather outspoken and sometimes noisy person, who vented his opinions on all possible occasions. Probably there were others who did not. In any case, unlike his political counter-

part in the South, he was in small danger of bodily harm, at least in New England. As a rule, he contented himself with severe criticism of the methods of the government and the leading generals in carrying on the war. A parallel might be drawn in connection with current events here, but comparisons are invidious. Moreover, persons of the class, notwithstanding their disaffection, were not infrequently found as volunteers in the Northern army.

But if the inhabitants of the Puritan Peninsula went to war with avidity, so to speak, when it was seen to be unavoidable, they returned to civil pursuits with even more satisfaction. The quiet merging of the great citizen force into the mass of the people, as it is called, has been accounted not less surprising than their original enrolment. But men had grown weary of fighting. In no long time the whole momentous experience—a campaign carried on by hundreds of thousands and spread over half a continent—had slipped into the past. Pictures of war in endless variety they had seen; men marching, voyaging, camping; toiling in trenches, bridging and fording rivers, threading forests and climbing mountains; and fighting everywhere—in woods, in swamps, on mountain-tops, in ships, boats, forts, and farmhouses. It was a phantasmagoria of life and death; but they had seen enough, and, for the most part, were glad to banish the dream. In many cases it seemed to fade without their will. Indeed, numbers of undoubted heroes suffered from a provoking inability to describe their most picturesque experiences, and caused the regret that graphic powers do not necessarily go with soldiership. Others of less authentic valor sometimes supplied the deficiency. Descriptions, however, were not wanting, as vivid and perhaps as convincing as the vaunted methods of the Realist, for the war correspondent had been busy from the first.

The veterans were not the only persons willing and even anxious to forget. Throughout the North, and especially in the cities and towns of New England and other Eastern States, many, after the final submission of the foe, turned as if with a sudden revulsion to other things. They had been patriots while the need lasted, or seemed to last; they had supported and toiled for the Union with the rest, perhaps had used the party watchwords and shibboleths; and had been glad of victory. But victory won, decisively and completely, a distaste for all connected with the war seemed to fall upon them. It had been noble, virtuous, exemplary, the cause of union and freedom; but, after all, it had been a civil war, politically and in the eyes of the world. An English nation fallen out with itself—Marston Moor and Naseby over again after two hundred years—and on Republican soil! It was, doubtless, inevitable, this national re-moulding, a burden shifted upon their shoulders by the more callous, slave-trafficking centuries; but the ordeal once over it were best forgot. They left patriotism, now somewhat staled, and the labors of reconstruction to the politician, and sought brighter fields. Some made money inordinately in the era of commercial activity and speculation that followed peace. Others, whom Roger Ascham might have called "better-feathered spirits," especially the younger ones, found nepenthe and refreshment in literature and art, and in the æsthetic revival of the latter half of the century. A great many rediscovered Europe and its possibilities as an extended pleasure-ground. Passionate, and other, pilgrimages were made to old-world shrines, and for a space Paris became a Mecca. Mr. Henry James, in particular, discovered England and its upper classes, with their value in the way of affording international episodes. New England itself was discovered by Mr. Howells, who, coming from the

West by way of Venice, found in Boston and its cultivated society, and in the homely people of the outlying country districts, an unworked vein of material for his carefully studied pictures. His refined Harvard heroes, as some will remember, were of a younger generation, addicted to "hopping back and forth over the Atlantic," and little interested in the war their elders had waged, except for its artistic and spectacular effects. In later life they may have had experience of their own in the recent naval and military enterprises of their country.

Macmillan's Magazine.

Perhaps in comparing Old with New England in the momentous question of war, I am forcing slight resemblances. The one, although the only English-founded colony bearing the name of the older state, is now merely the small corner of a nation, while the other is the centre and heart of an empire. Both, however, are to-day as they have always been alike in the readiness of their citizens to go anywhere and do anything in the way of fighting, and both abound in more or less appropriate memorials to those who have fallen on far-distant fields.

A. G. Hyde.

PAST AND PRESENT.

When lofty Spain came towering up the seas
This little stubborn land to daunt and quell,
The winds of heaven were our auxiliaries,
And smote her that she fell.

Ah, not to-day is Nature on our side!
The mountains and the rivers are our foe,
And Nature with the heart of man allied
Is hard to overthrow.

Westminster Gazette.

William Watson.

REPLY.

- Imputes he mortal passions to the mountains?
And, for a party stroke,
Feigns he that water-ways, and river-fountains
Fight for the Boer's ill yoke?

Enough to answer England's slanderous son,
And brand his calumny,
I bore her files to battle, every one,—
Her Lover—Ocean—I!

London Telegraph.

Edwin Arnold.

RUBE.*

BY H. HEIMBURG.

II.

What lots of things had to be done during the mysterious season that preceded Christmas! In the evening, when the child was asleep, Gretchen sat on the sofa in my room, and sewed clothes for a doll baby that could open and close its eyes and cry, and had a head covered with long, light hair. With my own hands did I upholster a doll-house, the inmates of which were attired by my sister-in-law—a papa in uniform, a mamma in a lace dressing-gown, and six doll children. We worked with such assiduity that we almost forgot to talk.

"How she will enjoy it, Rudolph!" said Gretchen, at length, and cast an enraptured gaze on the little hat she had just completed. "It is so nice that ours is a girl; playthings for a boy are so much harder to find."

"Children, you are possessed," asserted my mother-in-law; "the child is altogether too small for such pretty things; she cannot appreciate them, and will be sure to ruin them."

But she soon found she had stirred up a hornets' nest!

"Elsie is an unusually clever child," asserted Gretchen, quite red in the face; "if she is only a year and a half old she can run and play, and knows exactly what she wants."

"She can already say, give! give!" said I, in confirmation, "and screams when she cannot have her own way. She is a smart one, and takes after her mother."

"And last year she always put her hands out for the candles and laughed," observed my little sister-in-law.

"And she holds her little old doll ex-

actly as Minna holds her; have you not noticed it, mamma?" began Gretchen once more.

Mamma nodded.

"If she learns nothing worse than that from Minna."

"How so?" we all inquired in a breath.

"I don't know why, but the girl does not please me at all."

"Why not?" we again asked; "she plays nicely with the child."

"Well, perhaps I am wrong; but, unless I am much mistaken, she has a follower," said my mother-in-law. "I have several times seen her standing on the steps with a man,—she always ran off when she saw me coming—"

"But, good gracious, mamma, why should she not have a young man?" said Gretchen, in extenuation.

"No, that will never do, my dear," interrupted I; "a nurse who has a follower is neither one thing nor the other—is unfitted for her place; thinks more of her lover than of our little one; in fact, the long and short of it is that, if such is the case, I shall give her warning."

"But, Rudolph!"

"My mind is made up, my dear."

"And you are quite right, too," declared my mother-in-law, "you will see that it is so. Have you got a tree?"

"Oh, a beautiful fir and lovely bonbons!" cried Gretchen. "Mamma, it will be the most charming Christmas Eve I ever had."

"Of course! of course!" assented the old lady. "It is delightful to light up the candles for a child. Have you got everything for the servants?"

"Everything, everything! What are you thinking of, mamma? It comes

* Translated for *The Living Age* by Hasket Derby.

day after tomorrow?" declared Gretchen. And then she began to count up: "The cook, a dress; the nurse, a cloak; the man, a watch." Then she ran across to her mother and whispered something in her ear. "But be sure, mamma, and don't forget to be here punctually at five o'clock; the little one cannot stay up very late."

The Holy Eve had come. What a day it had been! Such radiant faces I had not seen for a long time; Anna laughed in the kitchen, Minna in the nursery; my wife stopped to caress the child every time she had to pass its little bed, and Miss Elsie lay there, kicked her small legs about and related long stories to herself. The bright, winter sun, with a smile on its own face, looked in at the window, and the whole house was pervaded with the odor of fir balsam, candles and cake.

With what an air of importance did the young mother bustle about! She could not tell where to begin. In the parlor stood the table all ready for the presents; we had to dress it for just so many; for mamma, and for my sister-in-law, and for my wife's two brothers, who were home on leave; for the servants, and, above all, for the child. They would all make for the child the first thing, and the brothers had not yet seen Gretchen in her capacity of matron and mamma.

This day she would shine forth in all her glory; all the silver had been taken out, the finest damask, and for the baby the white embroidered dress with the sky-blue ribbons.

"Rudolph! Rudolph!"

"Yes, my dear!"

She came in, breathless, with a note.

"Only think, Puss! Puss is engaged to the Assessor! Of course he is coming this evening, too—Rudolph, see where it says it!"

"Ah! I am delighted!"

"And mamma writes that she will send round some champagne for this

evening. Rudolph be sure you get him something in honor of the engagement, a meerschaum pipe or a beer mug or something of the kind; it will never do to leave him out when the presents are given round."

"Yes, my angel—"

"But, be quick! You have got to help me get the tree ready afterwards."

"Directly, Gretchen—that is, as soon as I am ready; I have some little secrets of my own."

So, about three in the afternoon, I started to do my wife's commission. I soon found what I wanted, fought my way through the crowd at the Christmas fair, bought a bunch of violets for Grete, looked my fill on the expectant faces of old and young, thought of my little flaxen-haired baby at home, and made up my mind that I was a fortunate, a very fortunate fellow. How poor once, how rich now! I thought over my old Christmas Eves—how cold, how gloomy, how cheerless! On one of them I got myself drunk on punch; that was the most hateful Christmas Eve of all. On most of them, however, I sat alone; there was not a single soul to send me a Christmas box to unpack.

Of a sudden I thought on the Christmas when I bought Rube—Rube, the trusty companion of my loneliness. How long it was since I had thought of the little fellow! My old man had gone and taken Rube with him; but only think, the dog found its way back to the stable the very next day. My new man had mentioned this to me, and asked if the creature might stay? I nodded briefly. The dog was a thorn in my conscience, the one sore point between Gretchen and me.

"Treat him well."

"Certainly, Lieutenant!"

The fact was he had not occurred to me since then. This confounded sentiment! Suddenly I entered a butcher's shop and bought a sausage; I intended slipping into the stable before the par-

ty began. But neither Rube nor my man were there; the latter had left his door closed; he must be helping in the kitchen. But inside I heard a joyous sniffing and scratching, and knew where the animal was.

"Wait a bit, old fellow; you shall have your sausage later."

Twilight was just setting in when I opened my door, and loud talking and laughter resounded in my ears. I was, of course, behindhand—they were all there. In fact, it was so. My room was full of people taking their coffee; the brothers, the engaged couple, and my mother-in-law.

"Where is my wife?" I inquired in the midst of handshakings and congratulations.

"In the parlor, at the Christmas tree, and she is waiting for you. Never mind us; we can get along here."

In the parlor there was an atmosphere of festive silence; the tread of the busy little feet were scarce heard on the soft carpet; nought but the subdued rustling of the silk dress, and we spoke in hushed tones; the child was still asleep.

"Rudolph," she whispered, "isn't it sweet, isn't it charming?" And she led me up to the little place under the fir tree, where she had piled up all the bright toys. We both stood before them and looked one another in the eye. "Our child, our dear child!" Then we kissed each other, she wiped away a tear, and we both agreed that life in this world was delightful, that we were too happy—she and I and the child.

"Isn't it most time to begin?" the voice of Gretchen's youngest brother, the Ensign, was heard to exclaim outside the door.

We sprang apart like detected lovers. Grete disappeared in the nursery, after giving me a final admonition not to peep under the cloth that covered the presents destined for me. And as I quickly deposited the case containing

the bracelet she had so long desired, and several other trifles in the proper place for her, I heard her prattling with the child in the next room:

"Come, Mousy, come; still—keep still now, the Christmas man is outside."

Then I lit the candles and rang the bell, and the mingled chorus of joy and delight was the one familiar to all of my readers who have ever seen a Christmas tree lighted up for the benefit of a happy throng. Grete and I had eyes for the baby only; she was passed from one to another, at every cry of joy she was smothered with kisses. Grandmamma and uncles and aunts, even the gentleman just engaged, laid so many presents at the feet of the little princess that we felt as if we were in a Nuremberg toy shop.

"Here, give her a taste of champagne," cried her youngest uncle. "By Jove, she knows what's good! Grete, have you seen how your daughter can take it down?"

"Don't make the child tipsy," entreated my wife.

"Oh, that will do it no harm."

"No, I cannot allow that," said grandmamma; "see how her little eyes are drooping!" And she almost forced the baby away from us, and disappeared with her in the nursery.

At six o'clock we sat down at table. In honor of the engaged couple Gretchen had turned the supper into a dinner; she made a hasty visit to the child, and then sat down before the steaming tureen.

"She is sleeping herself sober," said she, with a laugh. "Minna is sitting by her bed. You have given her too much champagne, too."

We might have passed an hour in joyous conversation, in joking, and in reviving the memories of our childhood; when grandmamma rose and opened the window.

"Listen, the bells!"

A hush fell on us all. Each one

seemed possessed with a solemn thought. The young couple had furtively grasped one another's hands; Gretchen's head rested against my shoulder; my older brother-in-law thought on the maiden whom he secretly loved, on future Merry Christmasses; the younger gazed seriously into his glass. A lady stood at the window and wiped her averted eyes.

"She is thinking of papa," whispered Gretchen to me.

Then, of a sudden, there mingled with the notes of the bells tones that brought me to myself with a start;—it was the half-smothered howl of a dog, a piteous wail, a cry for help.

I leaped up.

"Rube! that is Rube's voice! Where can he be?"

"The wretched little nuisance! How can he have got up here again?" I heard Gretchen exclaim, petulantly. I stood in the vestibule and listened. But at that moment everything was still.

"Rube! Rube!" I cried, and flung the outer door open. Nought was to be seen. I stepped into the kitchen; my man and the cook were busily engaged, the latter was just removing a hissing, smoking pan from off the fire.

"Where is the dog howling?" I inquired.

The honest Pole stood with open mouth, a towel and a clean plate in his hands.

"I don't know, Lieutenant; I was below a while ago, and gave him some sausage. He must be in the stable."

There—again the distant and yet vigorous scratching, howling, whining! With the speed of lightning I tore through the dimly-lighted parlor and flung open the nursery door.

Merciful God!

A cloud of suffocating smoke burst forth in my face, with a loud howl a creature leaped up against me, licking me and whining, and then tore back into the room filled with smoke. Half

crazed with fear I pressed after him; there I knew my darling's bed to be—I felt about gasping for breath, reached over into the crib and lifted out the child; it lay in my arms a dead weight. And now I hurried out from the deathly atmosphere into the parlor.

My man had followed close after me, had seen the whole and carried the terrible tidings to the festive board. I sat with the lifeless child at the window, which I instinctively opened; my wife had flung herself before me on her knees, pallid with fear, unable to articulate.

"My child, Rudolph, my child!"

I heard calling and screaming; I felt my mother-in-law take it from my arms, and sprang to my feet and raised the poor little woman.

"Come, Grete, be courageous!" cried my mother-in-law; "water—cologne—a doctor!" And Gretchen, all of a tremble, hurried to the table on which the child had been placed; with unsteady hands she removed its clothes, with unsteady hands and a face distorted with woe. The room had been quickly lighted up; all were there except my oldest brother-in-law and my man who had gone after the doctor. Nought was to be heard save the panting respiration, the half-suppressed sobs of my wife.

"Be calm, Grete," said the voice of my mother-in-law, "calm, my darling! There, now draw off the little shirt."

I stood by and saw the pale face of the old lady bent down to the deeply-reddened visage of the child, saw her rub the soles of the feet and the little chest. Not one of us dared to breathe; a long pause, and then—"She is alive, my dear child, I feel her little heart beating!" Two large tears rolled down grandmamma's cheeks.

"She lives!" cried Gretchen. "God be praised!"

She took up the child, wrapped its coverings around it, and hurried back

to the open window; clear, fresh air surrounded her, and softly, softly, the child began to cry.

"Cry, my darling, cry away!"—It seemed at this moment a song of deliverance. I held both mother and child in my arms.

"Gretchen?"

"Rudolph, it would have been my death."

"Don't say that, Gretchen." We stood there, our newly-restored child still in our arms. It was pale, but its wide-open eyes were fixed on us. Ah, joy and sorrow are close neighbors!

"How did it happen, Rudolph?"

The parlor door was flung open, and a pale, haggard girl rushed in and threw herself at Gretchen's feet.

"Gracious lady—forgiveness—merciful God, forgive me!"

My wife averted her head from her, and signed in silence for her to leave the room.

"Oh, Lieutenant," moaned Minna, and moved over to me, still on her knees, "I was wicked! I had to run to my lover; I had worked him a pair of slippers, which I wanted to give him; Elsie was in a beautiful sleep, and I had forgotten to put out the candle—the night lamp gave so little light, and I could not find a candlestick, and so stuck it in the workbasket, and it must have burned down and set the woollen on fire. I was anxious about Rube, who had slipped into the room, and so ran back as fast as I could, and—came too late, Lieutenant!"

"Leave us!" I ordered, for just then the doctor entered. The girl staggered out of the room.

"She is alive, doctor!" we called out to him.

"A pretty state of things!" said he, shaking his head and bending down over the little patient. My brother-in-law had already related to him the whole history of the accident. "Two minutes later, Lieutenant, and then—

what lucky chance brought you in at just the right time?"

"Yes, it was a lucky chance, doctor!" and my eyes looked gravely at Gretchen, who slowly cast hers down.

"Is the child out of danger?" she quickly asked, and a deep blush suddenly overspread her pale countenance.

"I should think so, madam. Let the little one sleep in another room, one freshly aired. I will call again tomorrow, and—take care of your own nerves."

Absolute quiet soon reigned in our dwelling. Every one went away, first giving us a heartfelt pressure of the hand. The crib with the sleeping child stood now in the parlor, close by the Christmas table. By its side knelt the mother, softly sobbing, her head buried in the pillows.

Then she arose.

"Come with me, Rudolph."

"Where?"

"Come with me."

Out she led me by the hand, through the corridor, down the stairs.

"The dog, Rudolph, the good dog!" she whispered at the threshold of the stable. "Call him, for he will not mind me."

"Rube!" I cried out into the steamy warmth and darkness of the stable; then there was a rustling in the straw, and he came up to me, whining and barking with joy.

"Come, Rube!" said Gretchen, and took him up in her arms, "come!" And as we two went back through the yard the starlight of the holy night revealed to me the black coat of the dog pressed against the delicate cheek of my fair-haired wife, and I saw the great tear-drops that rained from her eyes, and the hand caressing the creature. Thus, rapidly and in silence, she mounted the staircase.

"Let him down, Gretchen, he will come of himself," I entreated. But she only shook her head, and once upstairs

she disappeared with the dog in the dining-room.

I did not follow her; I stood by the parlor window, and thought over the last few hours.

How terrible!

A light step in the dining-room, the clattering of plates; "Come, Rube," said Gretchen, gently, "come!"

After a while she came up to my side and took me by the hand.

"Forgive me, Rudolph!"

"For what, Gretchen?"

"The dog—Rube, our Rube!—I know it has pained you for years, that I—"

I stroked her soft hair.

"Never mind, Gretchen, all is forgotten at—this moment!"

At that very instant he squeezed himself through the narrow opening of the door, and trotted up to me.

"Good old fellow, how shall we ever thank you!"

He stood before us, wagging his tail, and looked from one to the other as if to say: "Why make so much fuss, you

silly people? I only did my duty as a good dog!"

And thus we sat long and silently at the bedside of the child; Rube lay in my lap as in the old days.

The joyous and blessed Christmas Eve descended over the earth, and spoke to us of love and peace. Our hands were closely locked in true Christian thankfulness. Aye, love and peace over the wide world, love and peace in the narrow world of our house.

Mark you their blessed influence? When have we looked into each other's eyes so lovingly, my Gretchen and I? No shadow, no grudge, between us.

You, too, my little black friend—you, too, share in this peace. In cold and hunger you will never again sit on the threshold, and cast on me the touching, imploring gaze of a dumb, ill-treated brute—never again!

Softly ticks the clock, softly rustle the fir-tree's golden streamers; and softly breathes our darling child. Abide with us ever more, love and peace.

MARS AS A WORLD.

During the early months of last year many astronomers directed their "optictubes" to the ruddy disc of Mars, which was then conspicuously visible in the midnight sky. The planet did not approach the earth so closely as it sometimes does in its periodical visitations, but it was high above the horizon, and therefore well situated for observation. Startling discoveries were scarcely expected, though eager eyes were strained in the effort to distinguish new and true markings on the Martian face. But it is, perhaps, just as well that no very novel characteristics were observed; for the absence of new information enables fuller consideration to be given to

the facts already available. The present thus seems an appropriate time to make a general survey of the planet's features, and to describe some explanations of them which have recently attracted the attention of astronomers.

The first duty of a man of science is to observe accurately and with discrimination; the next, to interpret his contributions to knowledge. It is, however, much easier to develop keenness of perception than it is to find the cause of the phenomena presented. A good telescope, a clear atmosphere, and an acute observer will add more to astronomical knowledge in an hour than can be explained in a lifetime; so facts

accumulate far more rapidly than they can be read. Especially is this the case in celestial matters. For a long time the general features of the planet Mars have been known. A comparatively small telescope shows that more than half the surface is made up of extensive regions of a reddish-yellow tint, while the remainder consists of darker blue-green patches and two white "caps" around the poles. Arguing from analogy with the earth, the light and dark markings which constitute nine-tenths of the area of Mars are held to represent land and water. But which is land and which is water cannot yet be definitely determined, though the general opinion is that the darker portions of the surface represent Martian oceans and the lighter areas land.

THE POLAR REGIONS.

The nature of the polar caps is known with a high degree of probability. As the summer advances in the northern hemisphere of Mars, the white polar region is seen to decrease slowly until it becomes so small as to be invisible to the largest telescopes. This dwindling has not merely been observed once or twice, but dozens of times. And not only does the north polar cap shrink continuously as the summer sun shines more strongly upon the boreal hemisphere, but a similar, and just as striking a diminution takes place round the south pole of the planet when the summer season is advancing in the southern hemisphere of Mars. Day by day, and month by month, the polar caps have been measured, and their decrease of size has been proved to take place concurrently with the progress of winter to summer on Mars. No characteristic of the planet is known with anything like the same certainty, and none admit of simpler explanation. The polar caps are evidently regions of ice and snow, in every respect similar

to our arctic and antarctic seas. During the winter in either the northern or the southern hemisphere the frozen polar sea extends its limits; but its growth is checked in spring-time, and as the summer comes on, as the sun climbs higher and higher in the Martian sky, the sunbeams gain daily in strength and directness and the ice and snow disappear before them.

Polar expeditions on the earth are attended with no little danger; the polar exploration of Mars can be accomplished without loss of life or risk of frost-bite, and with a greater probability that new knowledge will be acquired. Astronomers are the explorers in this case, and by their telescopes they have been able to find out much more concerning the southern frozen sea of Mars, which, at its nearest, is thirty million miles away, than is known of our own Antarctic regions. In 1894, when the planet was exceptionally well situated for observation, the appearance and changes in the south polar cap were made the subject of investigation by Mr. Percival Lowell, whose volume on "Mars" has given pleasure to many, and will frequently be referred to in the course of this article.

THE MELTING OF THE SNOWS.

Two months before the longest day in the southern hemisphere of Mars the polar cap was seen at Mr. Lowell's observatory as an unbroken waste of white more than two thousand miles across. Hundreds of square miles of this Martian ice and snow disappeared daily, melted by the sun's rays, and, as it melted, a dark band appeared surrounding it on all sides. The obvious conclusion is that this dark blue ring was water produced by the melting of the polar snow, which interpretation is supported by the fact that as the white cap dwindled the band kept pace with it, and persistently bordered the disap-

pearing crown. Moreover, it was the color of water, and the light coming from it was of precisely the same character as that reflected from water surfaces on the earth. From these facts, then, astronomers are led to believe—and the belief amounts almost to a certainty—that water exists on Mars, both in the solid form as snow and ice and in the liquid condition.

Dr. Nansen found the basin of the Arctic Sea much deeper than had been anticipated; but the rapid and total extinction of the polar cap and sea on Mars points exactly to an opposite condition of things. Apparently only a small thickness of snow covers the polar land in winter, and the water formed when this melts is very shallow. The actual depth of the polar basin cannot, however, be decided, for, so far as telescopic observations go, the same appearances would be presented whether the snow and water were a yard or a mile deep.

The absence of a great oceanic depression at the polar regions of Mars seems to be typical of the whole of the planet. On the earth, if all the land were rolled out flat, so as to make an even surface, the top of the surface would be about two thousand feet above sea-level, while the ocean basin, if similarly smoothed, would be about two miles below sea-level. On Mars, however, the difference of level between the average land surface and sea bottom is probably extremely slight, so that a comparatively small volume of water is able to submerge a large area. The course of events which follow the melting of the polar cap indicate that such is the case. We are at present so well off for water that the melting of polar snow and ice in the summer makes no appreciable difference to the sea-level. But on Mars the unlocking of the frozen seas is of as much importance as the annual inundation of the Nile is to the Fellaheen of Egypt.

THE CANALS.

Mr. Lowell's observations show that the polar sea which has its source in the melted snow plays *deus ex machina* to all the subsequent seasonal changes on the surface of the planet. The wonderful "canals" or "channels" which were discovered in 1877, but the reality of which was doubted for nearly ten years, and is not yet beyond suspicion in the minds of hypercritical astronomers, seem to be dependent upon the melting of the polar snow for the water to fill them. So soon as the change from snow to water is thoroughly under way the canals begin to show themselves, and the first to become visible are those nearer the polar sea—those, in fact, which would be first reached by the wave of water moving into warmer latitudes on Mars. Eventually the orange-red areas of the planet—the regions regarded as continents—are seen to be traversed by canals, which cross the desert-like ground in every direction, as fine, straight, dark lines starting from bays and running to definite centres like the paths in an ornamental garden run towards the flower-beds.

What the canals on Mars exactly are it is difficult to say. The narrowest of them cannot be much less than thirty miles wide, and the average width is about fifty miles, and one measures 3,500 miles. It must be borne in mind, however, that though these lines appear perfectly straight, they may not be absolutely so, for the finest telescope in the world could not reveal a deviation of less than fifteen miles to the right or left of the general canal course. The best instruments are thus only coarse analyzers of optical features, and astronomers cannot be sure that what is seen by their aid represents the ultimate character of the view. This fact has given a basis to the suggestion that possibly the canals

wind to and fro after the manner of terrestrial rivers, the details being too minute to be separately discerned; but no evidence can be brought forward either for or against this view.

The network of lines upon the surface of Mars has been seen by many astronomers, and many have attempted to interpret them, most of the explanations being plausible, but none convincing. If we consider the land surface of Mars to be of a softer nature than the crust of the earth—to be, in fact, similar in constitution to our own desert regions, which it closely resembles in color, the flow of water produced by the rapid melting of the polar snows would soon wear a way through it. A narrow canal cut in the dry season would become filled in the wet season and the overflowing water would make a much wider channel for itself. Each annual flood might thus flow into wider limits, and in the course of time a broad canal would appear. This suggestion is put forward because, judging from the tremendous labor involved in the construction of even a small canal upon the earth, it seems impossible that furrows from thirty to a hundred miles wide could be cut along the surface of Mars. But that is because things are considered too much from the terrestrial point of view, the practicability of engineering projects on Mars being estimated in the light of engineering experience on the earth. It may be as easy for Martian engineers to plough a canal thirty miles wide on the surface of the planet as it is to wear away the soft banks of rivers on the earth by playing upon them with jets of water under hydraulic pressure. On the Mississippi enormous portions of the crumbling bank have been scoured out in this way so as to confine the river to a certain channel. The labor involved in the construction of a canal on Mars would probably be little more than that employed in regulating the flow of the

Mississippi, even if no better means of excavation were available. It is, however, quite within the bounds of legitimate supposition to think that Martians would possess much more effective appliances than are known to us. Readers of Mr. H. G. Wells's "War of the Worlds" will remember how cleverly he has utilized this idea in his fantastic story.

IRRIGATION OF MARS.

A very attractive explanation of the appearance of the canals upon Mars as the snow cap dies away has been put forward by Mr. Lowell. He holds that what are regarded as canals are not canals at all, but strips of fertilized land bordering a thread of water too small to be perceptible. It has already been stated that Mars appears to be badly off for water, so that the inhabitants, if there be any, are dependent upon the melting of the polar snows for practically their whole supply. In this case crops could only be cultivated along strips of land bordering the channel through which the water is made to flow. Mr. Lowell suggests that to be able to live at all, the Martians have had to develop an elaborate system of irrigation, and only on these irrigated bands does vegetation flourish, the great regions of reddish-ochre tint being dreary wastes of desert land, from which all organic life has long been driven.

The scarcity of water on Mars is a natural consequence of the planet's great age and small size. Mars is not a fiery youth in the planetary family, but is well advanced in years, and relatively much older than the earth. He is smaller, too, for seven planets of his size would be required to build up one globe as large as the earth. As a consequence, his duration of life, from the time when he was hurled into the blue as a nebulous mass until he rolls

through space as dead as the moon, is less than that of the earth; for the smaller the planet, the quicker must it cool down, and when the internal heat is gone, life, as we know it, becomes impossible. In all probability a planet dries up with advancing years, the water sinking from the surface to the interior, leaving the ocean floors as dry as they now are upon our satellite. Water is also used up by chemical combination with various substances, common instances of this kind being afforded by plaster of Paris and cement. Mars has apparently not yet lost all its water, but the supply seems to be very limited, and the problem of husbanding what is available, and of utilizing it for the purposes of irrigation, must be to the Martians of paramount importance. Even at the present time the water question has to be very seriously considered upon the earth; but, as our globe grows old, it will become the chief material concern of the surviving remnant of humanity, as Mr. Lowell shows it now is on Mars.

OASES IN MARTIAN DESERTS.

A remarkable feature of the canals on Mars (we still designate them by that word, spite the probability that it does not express their real character) is that they proceed to what seems centres in the middle of the continental area. These dark areas, together with the canals that lead to them, are the only markings on the land surface, and Mr. Lowell regards them as great oases. The majority of the spots are from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty miles across, but one of them is more than five hundred miles long and three hundred miles broad. The spots, like the canals, become more conspicuous as summer advances, the suggested explanation being that they are areas of verdure, which, under the waxing warmth of the sun's rays, deep-

en in tint and increase in luxuriance. Their evident connection with the system of dark lines seen upon the planet, their regularity of form, their seasonal darkening, and their distribution over continental regions, give support to the view that they are oases in the midst of Martian deserts, and that the canals have been constructed for the express purpose of irrigating them. Upon these meadows and along the strips of land converging to them, apparently live whatever forms of life Mars is capable of sustaining.

DOUBLE CANALS.

These interpretations of markings on Mars are very attractive, and they explain satisfactorily the phenomena seen; but one remarkable characteristic—the doubling of the canals—remains unintelligible. There is no doubt whatever that under good observing conditions, and at certain seasons of the Martian year, canals which had previously been seen as single dark lines appear double. Side by side, like the twin lines of a railroad, the two canals run together for hundreds and, sometimes, for thousands of miles, the distance between them being from about fifty to two hundred miles. All the canals are not seen double at the same time, or an optical delusion (if nothing worse) might be suspected. Different canals become duplicated at different times, but seasonable changes appear to govern the twining of all of them. Following up the idea that the so-called canals are strips of cultivated land, Mr. Lowell suggests that the doubling is caused by changes in the character of the vegetation. It is not difficult to conceive of crops ripening first near the narrow streak of water which fertilizes them, and afterwards on the outer edges of the cultivated belt; and, if vegetation on Mars is light-colored at one period of its growth, and dark-col-

ored at another, the duplication of the lines may be an effect produced by the progressive ripening from the middle of the fertile belts outwards. There is nothing very improbable about this view; nevertheless, it is not an altogether satisfactory solution of the puzzle. In fact, the double canals on Mars tantalize astronomers by their extraordinary appearance, and the confession has to be made that the mystery they contain has yet to be unravelled.

FLASH LIGHTS.

It has been suggested that the canals on Mars are duplicated by the inhabitants to call the attention of terrestrial astronomers to their planet—that, in fact, they are signals for us to decipher. From their great length and their development with the seasons, this opinion seems quite untenable, flattering though it is to the human mind. Certain bright flashes, occasionally seen, possess the characteristics of signals to a far greater degree. Mr. Lowell observed two flashes of this kind in 1894, but he regards them as due to light reflected from an ice-slope. His picturesque description gives the facts additional interest:—"As I was watching the planet," he says, "I saw suddenly two points like stars flash out in the midst of the polar cap. Dazzlingly bright upon the duller white background of the snow, these stars shone for a few moments and then slowly disappeared. The seeing at the time was very good. It is at once evident what the other world apparitions were, not the fabled signal lights of Martian folk, but the glint of ice-slopes flashing for a moment earthward as the rotation of the planet turned the slope to the proper angle; just as in sailing near some glass-windowed house near set of sun, you shall, for a moment or two, catch a dazzling glint of glory from its panes, which then vanishes as it came. But

though no intelligence lay behind the action of these lights, they were none the less startling for being Nature's own flash lights across one hundred millions of miles of space. It had taken them nine minutes to make the journey; nine minutes before they had reached earth they had ceased to be on Mars, and after their travel of one hundred million of miles found to note them but one watcher, alone on a hill-top with the dawn."

These bright flashes should not be confused with the bright prominences sometimes observed on the planet's edge. The later were seen for the first time in 1890, and have since been detected on every occasion when Mars occupied a good position in the heavens. They may be mountain-tops capped with snow like our own mountains, or they may be white clouds floating in the Martian atmosphere. Accepting the later interpretation (and it is the more probable of the two), the conclusion is that Mars has an atmosphere similar to that surrounding the earth, and with clouds moving in it. Strange flocculent white patches sometimes cover up permanent markings on the planet's face, and their appearance, as well as their evanescent character, afford evidence of the existence of clouds in the Martian sky.

POSSIBLE FORMS OF LIFE.

Mars thus possesses so many features in common with the earth that it is impossible to resist the thought that it also has inhabitants. This is, however, by no means equivalent to saying that Martian folk are constituted in the same way as human beings; indeed, every consideration points to the contrary. Whatever atmosphere exists on Mars must be much thinner than ours, and far too rare to sustain the life of a people with our limited lung capacity. A race with immense chests could live

under such conditions, or a folk with gills like fishes could pass a comfortable existence in spite of the rarefied air. The character of life anywhere is, in fact, moulded by the external circumstances, and as these are known to be different on Mars from what they are on the earth, Martian inhabitants must have developed peculiar characteristics in order to adapt themselves to their environments—the forms of life capable of flourishing in attenuated air have survived, while those requiring denser air have dropped out of existence.

The tenuity of the atmosphere of Mars is not the only fact which suggests that the inhabitants of that planet are not fashioned after the image of man. It is known beyond the possibility of doubt that the force with which a substance is attracted to the surface of Mars is but little more than a third as strong as it is on the earth; or, to express the point in figures, one hundred pounds on the earth would only weigh thirty-eight pounds on Mars if tested in a spring balance. In consequence of this weaker pull, it would be possible for a human being to perform astonishing feats on Mars without excessive muscular exertion. A man who could jump five feet here could top fifteen there; he could lift three hundred-weight by putting out the same strength as is required to raise one hundred-weight on the earth; he could spring across a road as easily as he now leaps over a mud puddle, and a couple of bounds would carry him to the top of a flight of stairs.

But, paradoxical as it may seem, the smaller the planet, and, consequently, the less pull of gravity at its surface, the greater is the probability that its inhabitants are giants compared with us. Terrestrial giants are generally weak in the knees; they are crushed by their own weight. But on Mars they would only weigh one-third as much,

and would, therefore, be able to move about in a sprightly fashion, so that an elephant there might be quite a nimble animal. Mr. Lowell has pointed out that to place the Martians under the same condition as those in which we exist the average inhabitant must be considered to be three times as large and three times as heavy as the average human being; and the strength of the Mars folk must exceed ours to even a greater extent than the bulk and weight, for their muscles would be twenty-seven times more effective. When this fact is considered, and also the decreased weight of bodies on Mars, it appears that one Martian could do as much work as fifty or sixty men. A Martian coalman could carry two and a half tons with as little fatigue as our own merchant can shoulder one hundred-weight, and a Martian navvy digging a canal could easily throw over his shoulder a spade of earth so enormous that if a terrestrial excavator saw it he would consider there should be a limit to the amount of work to be done by a man in a day.

TELESCOPIIC LIMITATIONS.

It must not for a moment be supposed that these statements as to the capability of doing work on Mars and on the earth are mere speculations, for they are physical facts deduced from accurate determinations of the size and mass of the planet. But unimpeachable as is the evidence of smaller gravitational force at the surface of Mars, and logical as may be the deductions therefrom, no mathematical calculations, nor the finest optical instruments at present known, nor the acutest reasoning, can afford the faintest information as to the forms of life upon the planet. There is as yet no possibility of seeing anything upon Mars less than thirty miles across, and even a city of this dimension would only be visible as a minute

speck. Our telescopes are thus not powerful enough to reveal any details which would prove the existence of sentient beings. All that can be said is that Mars is like the earth in so many respects that if life can exist anywhere beyond the earth, it exists there. But when we think of the multitudinous forms of life the earth bears at this age, and looking backwards along the corridors of time, we regard the strange creatures which were prominent in past epochs, we realize how inexplicably varied is animated nature, and are forced to confess that life on Mars may differ as much from our knowledge of vitality as the simple structure of a

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jelly-fish differs from the complicated system of man.

We look at the bright orange-red disc of the planet as it glitters upon the vault of heaven, and we cherish the thought that it bears life of a higher form than the earth can boast. "Up there in that beautiful star, are angels," says the mother to her child. The thought is inspiring, but it is also gratifying to know that the earth appears as a lovely celestial object to Martian folk; it is their evening star, and if there are mothers on the planet, they probably point out our globe to their children as the place of rest and peace where the righteous find their reward.

R. A. Gregory.

THE COURTSHIP OF TAMBALA CHALMERS.

"Oh, yes, old Chalmers is here still," said M'Kechnie, in answer to a question of mine. "Not at the Mission, of course, but—"

"Why, of course?" I put in, hastily withdrawing my legs to admit of the passage of a small boy and a large bucket of water, on their way aft. The Explorer's deck space was limited, and, as O'Reilly had just opened the hatch to get out some stores, we had been obliged to remove our long chairs from that haven of refuge.

"Oh! I keep forgetting that you're new to the country," said M'Kechnie, not without a quizzical gleam in his eye. "You'll hear the whole story soon enough. Chalmers had got above himself, you know—bad attack of swelled head, following on a visit to Cape Town—and began setting the clergy right on doctrinal points. So there was nothing for it but to part."

"Is that the true version?" I asked, for there was an odd dryness in his enun-

ciation which aroused my suspicions. I knew Mac of old—in fact, we had been at school together, many years before either of us ever thought of coming to Central Africa.

"I was not there when it happened," he replied, with dignity. "And you will please to remember that I am in the service of the Mission."

"Oh! all right," I muttered, hastily. "But what about Chalmers? Where is he now?"

"He works for Kalkbrenner—Ferreira, Kalkbrenner & Co., you know. Old Kalkbrenner gives him £50 a year and a house, and finds him well worth it; for, after all, he's an honest fellow, and capable in his way, though he is such a terribly pragmatist old ass. You'll see him when we get to Port Livingstone. Kalkbrenner has a store and a coffee plantation there, and Chalmers looks after them, and keeps the books, and pays the boys, and all."

"How did he get that name?"

"Picked it up at one of the Missions, I suppose, and it sticks to him. He's been quite a traveller, has Dr. Chalmers. Went down to Kilwa, first of all, in a slave-gang, when he was a lad—die of ten or twelve—he was called Tambala then—was put on board a dhow and taken off by a British man-o'-war, and landed at Zanzibar. Then he came up country with Bishop Steere to try and find his own people again, and finally drifted to this neighborhood. He's seen a deal of life one way and another. When he was baptized he was called David and his full name on the Church Register is David Tambala Chalmers."

"Tambala means a cock, doesn't it?" I asked. I was making tentative plunges into the native language with the help of the Mission grammar and dictionary.

"Yes—suits him best of the three, I think. But you'll see for yourself. He's a caution."

I believe that, as we thus conversed, we were about six miles from Port Livingstone, as the crow flies. But unluckily, as some one has remarked, we were not crows; and the winding course of the river, the strength of its current (it was at this time in full flood), the state of the Explorer's engines, and the general cussedness of things delayed our arrival till sunset on the following day.

I saw before me a neat, white-washed house, grass-thatched, surrounded by a broad veranda, and shaded by a group of fan-palms. Down the path which led from the front door came a tall native, dressed in a linen suit with a pith helmet on his head.

"There he is," said M'Kechnie—"I suppose he is coming on board."

It took some time to get the Explorer warped in to the bank, and while this was taking place I lost sight of the white figure in a crowd of shouting, hurrying natives; indeed, I was so

much absorbed in the details of the scene—it was my first experience of the country that had interested me all my life—that I forgot all about him for a while. Presently I became aware that the boy who had been attending on me during the voyage—himself a former pupil of the Mission—was standing beside me grinning from ear to ear.

"This is Dr. Chalmers, sir!" he said, with the air of one exhibiting a valuable and interesting product of the country, and waved his hand majestically towards the individual in question, who raised his helmet, and advanced with a sweeping bow.

"Mr. Hay, sir, I have much pleasure to make your acquaintance. I have heard of you from Mr. Vyner, sir. He tells me you come to assist him in developing the resources of this country. It is a fine country, sir—a magnificent country; but we need appliances, the appliances of civilization."

I felt inclined to sit down and gasp feebly—quite overwhelmed by this torrent of eloquence—delivered quietly enough, and with a fairly good English accent. How much more I might have heard about the resources of the country and the appliances of civilization I cannot tell—M'Kechnie intervened.

"I say, Chalmers, can you put Mr. Hay up for the night? He won't be able to start for Masuku this evening."

"Oh, yes-s!" said Dr. Chalmers, with dignity. "Mr. Vyner wrote to me that Mr. Hay was coming, and directed me to have an apartment in readiness. It was ready yesterday, Mr. M'Kechnie, and I have called Mr. Hay's carriers; they will start tomorrow at peep of day."

M'Kechnie attempted no reply—he was probably appalled at the splendor of Dr. Chalmers's diction; but he stole a sly wink at me.

At this juncture the Explorer's skipper walked up, red in the face from recent exertions, and mopping himself

with a handkerchief originally intended for the native trade, and conspicuously adorned with palm-trees and elephants.

"Hey! here's the Reverend Doctor! How's yourself, me boy? and how's the missis?"

Dr. Chalmers drew himself up with dignity. "Circumstances have occurred to postpone my marriage," he said, freezingly; and his eye rested on M'Kechnie with an expression which seemed to say that, but for that gentleman's presence, he would have said more.

O'Reilly slapped him on the back and laughed uproariously.

"Parson forbidden the banns, hey, Chalmers? Sure, and it's myself would be doing the same if I were he, an' you after thyrin' to inveigle me best dairymaid."

The native did not reply. It was easy to see that he did not enjoy O'Reilly's chaff, but he betrayed no annoyance, only turned to me and asked quietly if I would like to come ashore now. So far as I could judge, it was only his choice of words that was somewhat extravagant; there were no Christy Minstrel antics about him, and, in manner at least, I was inclined to think—with no disrespect to our tempestuous but good-natured friend—that he was more of a gentleman than O'Reilly.

"What's this about his marriage?" I asked M'Kechnie, presently, Dr. Chalmers having gone ashore to get my luggage taken up to the house, while O'Reilly was superintending the hoisting of the same out of the hold.

"I don't quite know. I've been away down river for the last three months; I heard about it from O'Reilly, but, you know, a story with him never loses in the telling—"

"What's that?" exclaimed the subject of this last remark, who was nearer us at the moment than M'Kechnie bargained for. "Me, the voracious chronicler of British Equatoria? Me,

that carries a note-book and a fountain pen in me pockets, an' it's downright ill I've been with sucking the ink of that same when it wouldn't draw, not to mention the ink dryin' up wid the climate, to stand before the thermometer and note the exact timperature for fear I'd be forgettin' it when I wrote me diary at night!"

"We're all looking forward to the book you're going to write when you go home, O'Reilly," said M'Kechnie.

"And yet you'll not trust me to tell the story of the doctor there an' his colleen dhu?—for colleen bawn she is not, though as purty an' neat a crathur of her color as ever I've seen. Faith, I've had thoughts of asking her to be Mrs. O'Reilly meself; but then, you see, I'd be after havin' to git a dispensation, an' our clargy is terribly down on mixed mar'ges of late. Not to mention that Mozambique is the nearest place it could be got."

"Never heed his clavers, Hay," said M'Kechnie. "The matter seems to be that Chalmers, who is a widower of some years' standing, and has two little girls under ten—I'm sorry for him myself, for he's anxious to do his duty and bring them up decently, and it's sore on a man, as you'll allow—wanted to marry one of the Christian girls at the Mission."

"Well, and why shouldn't he? Is there any just cause or impediment?"

M'Kechnie seemed slightly embarrassed.

"They say the girl herself didn't want him. And, of course, Dr. Angus couldn't help that."

"That's the offeecial verson, Mac, me bhoy," said O'Reilly, with exaggerated mimicry of M'Kechnie's accent, which, by-the-by, was broad enough to sit on, and he rather prided himself on it. "Dr. Angus didn't want to lose a useful crathur, and Mrs. A.'s pet pupil—an' them at all the trouble and expense of her trainin'—as they would do if she

married out of the Mission. So, when that's the state of things at headquarters, an' you get asked in a tone of Daniel-come-to-judgment, 'Do you want to have this man?' what would you expect a colleen to do, eh, sir? It's a clear case of intimidation—not intimidation with black thorns an' hot water, may be, but—"

"Oh! get away with you and your black thorns!" exclaimed Mac, struggling between amusement and annoyance. "Don't listen to O'Reilly, he just havers even on. You see Lucy's been in the Mission from a child; the Anguses really stand in the place of parents to her, and they're naturally anxious she should make a good choice. And, of course, it would be more satisfactory for her to remain in the Mission."

"But supposing she really cared for him, would they have a right to interfere in that case? Is she so very young?"

"She's older than most of these girls when they marry. But here comes our friend," said honest Mac, evidently glad to change the subject.

My goods had been got ashore, and the three of us sat down in the veranda to the meal which Chalmers had provided "as per instructions of Mr. Vynner," as he confided to me. I had the less scruple in extending my employer's hospitality to M'Keehne and O'Reilly, as the latter had contributed nobly to this entertainment out of the Explorer's stores. We had tinned salmon and sardines for entrées, and canned peaches for sweets; while three fowls had been slain and served up to us in the shape of soup and curry, accompanied by locally-grown rice and sweet potatoes, and half a dozen of the infinite varieties of beans wherein the soul of the African delights. Moreover, there were European vegetables, diminutive and heartless cabbages, very crude potatoes, the size of small mar-

bles, and turnips not much bigger, but of excellent flavor, which Chalmers had raised in his own garden, and now produced as freewill offerings out of the pride and vain-glory of his heart.

He did not wait on us himself, but he stood by and directed the movements of two flannel-shirted boys, with an air which would have done credit to the most majestic and highly-trained of butlers. The lemonade and soda-water, however, he brought and uncorked himself, observing that the boys were "unused to these appliances."

O'Reilly sipped at his glass, put it down, and looked round in a puzzled sort of way, as if the beverage were incomplete, but nothing else appeared to be forthcoming. He then turned to us with a kind of apologetic and admonitory cough, as though expecting us to supply the omission; but Mac and myself became suddenly obtuse, and waited, with interest, to see what would happen.

"Faith, then, Chalmers, my jewel," he burst out at last, "do ye always serve your soda-water neat?"

"Messrs. Kalkbrenner and Ferreira"—(I could see that he loved to roll out the firm's name in full whenever he got the chance)—"do not keep alcoholic liquors in stock, sir; except as medical comforts, sir—"

"Bedad, that's queer then," said O'Reilly, in a stage aside to myself, "for one of them's a German Jew, and the other's a Hollander Jew or a Portagee—I'm not sure which. It's against nature, so it is. . . Chalmers, alanna," he went on aloud, "can ye tell me on your conscience an' honor—which we all know are very honorable an' conscientious entirely—that ye don't require them medical comforts every day of your life, an' frequent in the course of the day?"

Dr. Chalmers looked fixedly at a point on the landscape, which, in accordance with the laws of perspective,

was immediately behind and above O'Reilly's head.

"I am a total abstainer, Captain O'Reilly."

("He is that," said Mac, aside to me. "I'll say that for him.")

"And ye never take a holiday, then?" asked O'Reilly, unabashed.

To which Dr. Chalmers vouchsafed no answer.

"Here, boy!" said O'Reilly, "where's Luwisi? Run down to the boat, ye little spalpeen, and bring—"

"Don't, O'Reilly," said McKechnie. "Can you not wait for your fire-water till we get aboard again—?"

"And it's condemning Mr. Hay to cold water, ye'd be—"

"Not for me," I struck in, hastily. "Please don't send for it for me, O'Reilly—I assure you I prefer lemonade!"

"It puts temptation in the boy's way," said Mac, in a low voice.

I could see that he was really troubled, and began to find the situation uncomfortable, but, to my surprise, O'Reilly readily gave way and took his soda-water and lime-juice with a very good grace. In his heart he had a real liking for Mac—for all their constant sparring—and he was quick enough to see when he had gone too far.

Not long after this they took their leave. Mac was going to sleep on board the steamer, and start at dawn, with two or three boys, on his tramp to the Mission. My road to Mr. Vyner's plantation lay in a different direction.

When they were gone I sat still for a while in the veranda chatting with Kalkbrenner's factotum. I found him really a very intelligent fellow, and the questions he asked about people and things in England showed that he thought more deeply than the educated native usually gets credit for doing. He was communicative enough on all subjects but one—he was unwilling to say much about the Mission or Dr. Angus.

After what I had already heard, it was not difficult to guess why; and I must say I respected him for his reticence.

Next morning I was awakened at dawn by the bugle which summoned the station laborers to their toll. A few minutes later, as I was stretching myself inside my mosquito curtain, and thinking that the world looked chilly and miserable, a small boy entered with coffee and biscuits and a message to the effect—or so I understood him—that the carriers were ready when I was. Accordingly I made all the haste I could, and emerged on the veranda, to find Chalmers assigning the various items of my luggage to their respective carriers and starting them on ahead. They didn't look as if they liked it.

"They are grumbling, sir," he said to me, after a ceremonious greeting, "because they will have to go first and shake the dew off the grass, so that it will not be so wet for you. Here is your machila, sir."

Two men brought round to the steps a canvas hammock slung to a pole with a mat stretched above to shade me from the rays of the sun, which as yet were not. They held the canvas at what they thought a convenient height above the ground, and grinned sympathetically at my efforts to get in, which resulted, first, in falling out on the other side, and next in hitting my head against the pole. Then Chalmers intervened, and suggested that they should spread it flat on the ground, laying the pole on one side, which, somewhat to my humiliation, they did, and when I had prostrated myself upon it, picked me up tenderly and shouldered the pole. Dr. Chalmers then arranged the cushions behind my head—which requires a certain knack, as I found out afterwards by bitter experience—spread my travelling rug over my legs and tucked it in, and finally—surely the force of thoughtfulness could no further go—inquired whether I was supplied with to-

bacco and matches. He had seen me put my pipe into my pocket.

"You will get accustomed, sir, and subsequently you will not be afraid to change your position," he remarked, apparently gathering from my expression that I thought smoking impossible under the circumstances. "Here is the captao; he understands English. His name is Peter."

Peter came forward, a very solemn-faced young man, with his upper teeth chipped into points like a saw, and blue daisies tattooed where his shirt-front would have been if he had worn such an article. He was attired in a white cotton singlet, and a piece of dark-blue calico round his waist, and shivered in the chill morning air.

"He will tell the men anything you want. I have told him you are going to stop and breakfast in Palombe's. The men with the provisions have gone on." He then addressed Peter at some length in the Yao tongue. "It is all right, sir. You can trust him."

"Good-bye," I said, for my men at this point began to move.

"Oh, no, sir; I will walk with you as far as the end of the plantation." Which he did, and I then took my leave, and the men jogged on with me through a narrow path through a succession of native gardens—apparently containing nothing but weeds and dry maize-stalks—for the crops had just been gathered in. When we left the gardens and got into the tall grass, I began to understand what Chalmers meant about the dew. As it turned out, I was performing for my men the task which had been entrusted to them on my behalf; they had turned aside and hidden themselves till the machila was past, whereby the path being so narrow that my foremost bearer's broad brown shoulders completely filled up the vista, my clothes and the canvas were saturated in a short time. But the narrative of my journey does not belong to this tale.

"And what do you think of Chalmers?" said Mr. Vyner, a few evenings later, when I was resting, after the three days' march, at his hospitable bungalow. "A bit self-important, eh? and his language is quite too much for me at times!"

"Oh, Robert!" said Mrs. Vyner—a good soul who took most things very literally. "I'm sure Chalmers never swears—I never heard him say anything one could object to!"

"On the contrary, my dear, it's the correctness and propriety of his expressions! But he's a good fellow at bottom;—and, talk of conceit—he's not half so conceited as that pet of Angus's—what's his name again? Abraham—Isaac—Isaac Kabweza, that's the man—I can't stand him!"

"Oh, Robert!"

"No, Helen, I can't, that's a fact. You won't hear a word against him, I know, because he turns up his eyes in church, and makes night hideous with crooning hymns out of tune. We had him here as kitchen-boy for a month—that was quite enough! I don't say but the fellow means well—and he certainly did his work—but he's a confounded sanctimonious prig, and then he's got hold of all Angus's little ways, speaks like him, walks like him. . . . I find Angus trying enough, in all conscience, though I suppose he also means well; but to have him served up in a second-hand native edition is a little too much!"

"I haven't seen Dr. Angus yet," I remarked. "And from all I hear it seems a little difficult to form a notion of him."

"Well, I won't prejudice you. You'll see and hear him soon enough, and you'll think him a charming, courteous, scholarly old gentleman, who's been very much maligned—for I can guess the sort of talk you've heard on the river—from Ferrelra, for instance—or O'Reilly."

I smiled audibly.

"Mind you I'm not one of those who run down missionaries on principle. Apart from other considerations, we do need some one to remind us now and then that the natives are not simply—as a boy said to me the other day—'hoes for white men to till the ground with.' That's what infuriates some men against them. They've a respect for religion in the abstract—as long as it doesn't interfere with the details of their daily life—and that's where Angus rubs it in, to do him justice."

"But I thought—I understood—Dr. Angus was inclined to be a bit arbitrary himself."

Vyner laughed.

"That's where the difference between clergy and laity comes in, you see! No, but seriously, my dear boy, when you've lived a little longer in this country, and had men under you, like the Roman centurion—and nobody to interfere with you when I'm not round—you see whether the instinct of bossing doesn't grow on you! And Angus—well, he had peculiar ideas to start with, and he was in a peculiar position—had it all his own way out here for years; for you know he was in the country before any trader or planter of us all. The niggers all looked up to him as chief and doctor, and everything else, and thought the sky was going to fall if any one contradicted him. He very seldom saw a white man of anything like his own standing—till quite lately. I don't know how it happens that his colleagues have generally been men of inferior position and education, and as for the three successive Mrs. Angus's, they have all been his humble worshippers. So, is it any wonder that the man takes much the same view of his position as the German Emperor does of his?"

"Robert, I'm sure Mr. Hay is so tired, he's ready to fall asleep in his chair!"

I was tired when I came to think of it; and though I would willingly have

asked further questions, I was quite ready to follow Vyner along the veranda to the apartment destined for me, where I slept soundly in spite of the scampering of rats along the rafters, and the howling of hyenas in the long grass outside. Perhaps these uncanny sounds in some indirect way influenced my dreams, for I thought that Dr. Angus (who, as I had never seen him in real life, appeared to me in the likeness of the celebrated portrait of Savonarola) was denouncing me by name to a numerous congregation as being a heretic of several different sorts, and but a shady character in other respects; and having, moreover, acted as best man at the wedding of David Tambala Chalmers, who, for his part, was formally excommunicated then and there.

I was so struck by this vision that I related it at breakfast next morning, greatly to Vyner's amusement, who remarked that first dreams in a new abode were generally prophetic—and he hoped this one would not prove so.

I suppose my early experiences of plantation life were much like other men's. As I am not telling my own story, I will not dwell on them—only remarking that after I had been at Masuku some seven or eight months, I was sent to Lucheny to take charge of a small outlying estate of Vyner's, and entered on the life of a Robinson Crusoe, surrounded by innumerable men Friday.

One hot day in November when the whole country was parched and dusty and gasping for the rains, I was swinging lazily in my hammock in the shadiest corner of the veranda. It was nearly time for the afternoon bugle to be blown, and I was just regarding with dismay the prospect of turning out in the heat to superintend the digging of the coffee-pits, when my boy Kambembe—I remember him as the most portentous breaker of crockery that ever entered my service—came up and announced the arrival of one

"Chalama." Somewhat puzzled, I tumbled out of the hammock and walked round the house to find Dr. Chalmers sitting on the front steps.

He rose to his feet and took off his helmet—a sadly-battered one by this time. His white shirt bore traces of a journey, and he was evidently tired and footsore. Two small boys were squatting at a little distance; beside each, one of the round baskets in which a native stores his provisions, etc., on a journey. They were our friend's attendants and carriers.

"How do you do?" I said. "Glad to see you; come into the shade."

"Thank you, sir. I have been over to Mr. Ferreira's other plantation of Chipande, and I am now on my way back to Port Livingstone. When I heard you were here I thought I would like to come and see you. It is not very much out of the way."

I felt flattered by this mark of attention, though inclined to think it must have been some reason beyond mere politeness. I thought the man looked haggard and worried; and now and then he stole wistful glances at me as if making up his mind to ask me a question.

I was not mistaken—but the question didn't come just then. I had to go down to the coffee, so I left him, after issuing instructions to Kambembe to supply him with tea and other refreshments, and see to the wants of his followers. It was in the evening, when I was once more established in the hammock, and he sitting on the steps in the moonlight, that—after answering my inquiries, and telling me all the news of the Mission, the River and the Lake, the gunboat and the Portuguese at Matapwiri's, and the rumored disturbances up Tanganyika way, he began:

"Mr. Hay, sir—if you were at home in England, and you wanted to be married, and you went to tell the minister, would he refuse?"

"Why, no—not that I ever heard of. Not unless there were some legal obstacle."

He repeated the phrase thoughtfully, and asked me what that was.

"Why—if I'd been married before, you know, and my wife was living—or if I wanted to marry my grandmother—or—or—some one like that. 'A man may not marry his grandmother,' you know. That's in the Prayer Book."

"I see. But if there is no legal obstacle?"

"The parson can't refuse—at least I think not. Not if you've had the banns put up properly, or got a license. But if he objected, I should simply go to another parson, to save unpleasantness, or to a Registry Office."

"Registry Office," repeated Chalmers, thoughtfully, as if desirous of getting the words by heart. "What is that, sir?"

I explained, and proceeded to expound, to the best of my ability, the marriage laws of the United Kingdom. And then—

"Chalmers, my man," I said, "you've got something on your mind. Can't you tell me about it?"

He looked at me in a sort of wistful, inquiring way—with the eyes that some times make you think a native is like a noble dog, and then said,—

"I thought I would like to tell you, sir. That time I first saw you at Port Livingstone, you did not laugh at me like Mr. O'Reilly; and I thought—"

"Well, let's hear," I said. And he told me—I may condense his narrative—how he had fallen in love with Lucy—otherwise Chingasonji—and how he had reason to suppose she reciprocated his feelings, and how he had gone to speak to Dr. Angus on the subject, and been snubbed for his pains.

"Do you think you are good enough for Lucy?"—the doctor had demanded—(Chalmers's imitation of his tone and manner—I had made the doctor's ac-

quaintance by this time—simply convulsed me)—and settled the matter summarily by sending for Lucy. Lucy, I regret to say, did not rise to the occasion; her courage failed her when confronted with those bristling white eyebrows, and with downcast eyes, shielded by a slim bronze hand, she murmured, softly: "*Iai, mzungu.*"¹

"There, you see!" said the doctor, triumphantly, and enlarged at length on Chalmers's presumptuous folly, while Lucy retired—to be acidulously congratulated by Mrs. Angus on her good sense—and (as was revealed to Chalmers in due course) cried herself to sleep that night in a corner of the girls' dormitory. This was the incident I had heard of from O'Reilly. Subsequently—on being notified that Mr. Kalkbrenner intended to raise his salary, Chalmers had tried his fate once more, with like result, except that a week or two later, there was brought to him a piteous tear-stained letter, which he showed me. I knew enough Yao to make out the sense of it. She said she loved him with all her heart, and wished to marry him—only the Donna didn't like it, and was trying to persuade her to take Isaac (Mr. Vyner's *bête noire*) instead.

"But it's infamous!" I said. "They have no right to interfere in this way. Why couldn't she tell them so to their faces?"

"She was frightened," he said, quietly, and I remembered what O'Reilly had said about intimidation. It was not easy for a gentle-natured girl to avow her own wishes in opposition to those whom she had learnt to think of as gods upon earth. And I suppose the Anguses were not consciously selfish. Indeed, I happen to know that they honestly looked upon themselves as exceedingly ill-used people.

Chalmers had finished, and I smoked on to the end of my cigarette.

¹ "No, sir."

"I call it shameful," was the first outcome of my reflections. "I shouldn't have thought it of Angus!"

Chalmers smiled sadly, as one who has had experience of life.

"Dr. Angus, sir," he said, solemnly, "is like the rotten fig. He is very beautiful to behold, outwardly; but if you open him, you will find him full of worms, and—and unpleasantness!"

It was fortunate for me that I was in the shade of the veranda; and I hastily set the hammock in motion to conceal the agitation I could not control.

"He had no right to prevent your marrying, that's clear," I said, as soon as I could command my voice. "But why need you consult him? It's awkward, I admit, her living in the house, but she might leave. They can't detain her against her will. Where's her home?"

His face fell.

"She has no home. Her relations died in the famine, when she was a little child—and she was saved and taken to the Mission. She has some distant cousins on Tyolo. But they live a long way off. And even if she could go there—where could we be married but at the Mission? Dr. Angus would not do it!"

"Nonsense!" I said. "He'd have to. It would be illegal to refuse."

He shook his head.

"Who is there to make him do it? There are so few white men in this country, and they hear nothing—or, if they do, they will not care. Perhaps they think it a good joke, like Mr. O'Reilly."

"But the Administration?"

"They will not interfere. They are only too glad that Dr. Angus is friendly with them and does not write letters to Lord Salisbury and the Aborigines' Protection Society."

This, I own, took away my breath for the moment, but I was too much interested in the matter in hand to com-

ment on the extent of Chalmers's information.

"Well," I went on, "I'm not prepared to assert what may or may not be legal under the peculiar circumstances of this Colony or Protectorate—or whatever we call ourselves. But I think you should talk to some one better able to advise you than I. Have you asked Mr. Vyner?"

"I have talked to him in former times, sir, and he was kind, but he always said, 'Be patient,' and 'Dr. Angus means well.' He thinks," concluded Chalmers—not bitterly, but with a certain deliberate sadness, as of one accustomed to disappointment—"that it is not right to tell a black man that you think a white man is wrong."

"I don't think Mr. Vyner is like that, Chalmers. I think if he knew a definite way to help you, he would do it. Perhaps things are different now—not like they were when you told him. But what I have been thinking is this: There's a chaplain at the gunboat station at Fort Malo—I hear he's just arrived. I used to know him in England, and he's a very good fellow. Why don't you and Lucy go down and ask him to marry you? I'll write you a letter to him if you like."

Some would have thought that Chalmers was not much impressed by this, as he looked not at me, but at the bricks of the veranda, and murmured, in soft, level tones:

"Thank you, sir; you are very good."

But I was beginning to know the native, and was not disappointed by this reception of my proposal.

"And Lucy—" He hesitated.

"I've been thinking about that. Do you know my capitao, Jacob? His wife's a very decent person. Couldn't Lucy come to stay with them till we can send her down to Fort Malo?"

Chalmers shook his head.

"It would not do, sir," he said, with portentous gravity. And I could not

get out of him why. Long afterwards I discovered that he feared my reputation would suffer—a consideration which, I must confess, had never occurred to me.

"I will write to Mr. Vyner," he said, after a further pause of consideration. "I cannot go to him just yet, because I have been several days away from the plantation, and there will be many things to see to; but as soon as I can get away I will go to the Mission, and then I will go and see him. He is kind—but I am afraid—Mrs. Vyner—"

He shook his head in a depressed manner instead of concluding his sentence, and I knew what he meant. The good soul was a devout believer in the Angusian infallibility, and, moreover, on terms of intimate friendship with Mrs. Angus—a sour, precise woman, doubtless an excellent person in her way, only that way contrasted strangely enough with Mrs. Vyner's universal, if somewhat inconsequent, kindness. But, I reflected, that same inconsequence, when the kind heart was confronted with the chance of assisting the course of true love to run smooth, might triumph over much. Who could tell?

It was growing late for the weary planter who has to turn out shivering at daybreak. My guest rose to his feet instead of waiting, native fashion, to be dismissed.

"You leave early, then? I suppose Jacob has seen about your quarters for the night? I'm sorry I can't do any more for you, but I'll write to Merryweather tomorrow, and—and—well, you can't do better than consult Vyner."

He stood before me, twisting his helmet in his hands, and began, somewhat haltingly, "I thank you, sir." And then, for the first time in my experience, the English language suddenly became inadequate to the expression of his feelings, and he relapsed into Yao. "You have a good heart. Some white men

think when a black man loves a woman and has trouble, it is only a thing for them to laugh at when they are drinking with their friends. You did not laugh; no. You listened to me, and have tried to help. And even if you cannot help, I shall not forget."

"Oh, come!" I said helplessly; "let's hope it'll come all right in the end. There, good-night!" And I shook hands with him to his evident gratification.

He left next morning, and what followed was reported to me piecemeal from various sources. When, a week or two later, he was able to carry out his projected journey, he arrived at the Mission only to find that Lucy was gone. Mrs. Angus said she was a wicked, ungrateful girl, and had run away to her native village, where, no doubt, she had married in the native fashion. Conversations with judiciously-selected and sympathizing natives elicited the fact that pressure had been put upon her to marry Isaac Kabweza, a statement reluctantly confirmed by honest M'Kechnie, whom Chalmers sought in the workshops, and cross-examined with merciless rigor. Also, it was hinted to him, that she had, in all probability, *not* gone to the River.

He was on his way to Mr. Vyner's, pondering these things in his heart, when he met a little shock-headed urchin, clad in nothing but a few inches of dirty calico, and carrying in his hand a spear and a cleft stick with a letter wedged in it. The boy stopped in the pathway with a grin, but not before Chalmers's quick eye had perceived that the bit of blue, red-lined paper—evidently a page from an account book—was addressed to him. The bearer was Lucy's second cousin's husband's nephew, or thereabouts, and he came straight from Tyolo. Lucy had already sent a letter direct to Port Livingstone, but there was a report (happily it turned out to be unfounded) that the

messenger had been eaten by lions; so she despatched this small kinsman by the longer and safer road which passed the Mission. So Chalmers, instead of going to consult Mr. Vyner, bent his steps towards Tyolo.

Lucy's relatives welcomed him with effusion. They were decent people though they had never been at a Mission; and, never having seen a white man, they believed Chalmers to be a very passable imitation of one, and treated him accordingly. So you may imagine that he was under no temptation to shorten his stay. And then it turned out, most opportunely, that the people of that village had a kind of hereditary friendship with a village in the neighborhood of Fort Malo, as the native way is in those parts, and were in the habit of exchanging long visits from time to time. There was no earthly reason why one of these family pilgrimages should not take place at once and Lucy join the party. Chalmers saw them off with their baskets and bundles, and then returned to his own place, going round *via* Lucheny, so as to see me and report progress. Arrived at Port Livingstone, he found O'Reilly there with the Explorer on his way down river, and at once engaged his passage to Fort Malo, thus triumphantly saving appearances in the eyes of black and white alike.

Mr. Vyner had once told me that if I needed a change, and work was not very pressing, there could be no objection to my leaving Jacob in charge, and running over to Masuku for a few days. I had never yet acted on this suggestion—that is, I had never left Lucheny unless Vyner himself, or some other white man, were there in my absence; and, as things were decidedly slack just then, I concluded that the occasion warranted my taking a holiday down to Fort Malo instead. So I wrote to Merryweather—who had sent a kind and cordial response to my letter

about Chalmers's difficulties—and accepted his general invitation to come and see him, rather more promptly than he probably expected. I did not give him the option of saying that it was not convenient, reflecting that if he couldn't put me up some one else was sure to do so, if it was only O'Reilly in the canvas cabin of the Explorer. So I sent out to engage carriers, and made my preparations, starting early in the following week for my three-days' journey across country, in the course of which I shot *nyama*, even a bush-buck, and a pig, and two brace of guinea-fowl, so that we entered Fort Malo like a triumphal procession, my men chanting my praises at the top of their voices.

Merryweather was looking thin and yellow. Fort Malo is not an invigorating place for a new-comer, but his eye was as bright and his spirit as unconquerable as of old.

"You've come just in time," he said. "The marriage is fixed for tomorrow, and my word! I hope it's all straight now. Your friend appears to be a born lawyer. I've never been so cross-examined in my life, and then he produced a Prayer Book and made me go through the whole Marriage Service with him to see if there was anything which he, as a member of the Church of Scotland, could not conscientiously approve of, or which might make him into an Episcopalian without his knowledge."

Merryweather leaned back in his big chair (he was installed *pro tem.* at the Consulate, with its neat green shutters and picturesquely-cut thatch), and was forced to mop his forehead with an outsize handkerchief. He looked ashamed of the operation, and murmured something apologetic about the climate. I assured him that I was accustomed to keep a pair of sheets handy, but he still looked a little disturbed.

"I hope it's all right. I've asked El-

lott-Price, and he says it is; and we're going to register it at the Consulate as well as in my own books. But I've been inquiring, and inquired of to such an extent, that my mind's in a whirl, and I believe I shall wake up and find I've married our friend to all the prohibited degrees at once, or something equally atrocious."

"Have you seen her?"

"Yes; an uncommonly nice, modest girl she is, too. I must say I respect her spirit, for she is evidently rather timid than otherwise, and it must have required a good deal of courage in her position. But what I can't understand is—this Dr. and Mrs. Angus—Chalmers's account is naturally biased, of course. . . ."

I stated the facts as far as I knew them. Merryweather drummed with his fingers on the edge of his chair for some time before answering.

"'Judge no man this weather!' somebody says in Kipling. I suppose it is true that a long residence in this climate is apt to turn men into 'arbitrary gents,' if they're not careful. Witness the Stanley expedition and other cases. You and I must look out, old man. I do not judge Dr. Angus, but it appears to me the climate has made an 'arbitrary gent' out of him."

The marriage took place next day in the Consulate veranda. There was a large attendance of Europeans, most of whom, I am afraid, came in the expectation of witnessing something like a nigger minstrel entertainment. They were disappointed in this respect, but few, if any, regretted it. When Merryweather read out, "Therefore, if any man can show any just cause," I caught O'Reilly's eye. He was purple in the face, and I trembled lest he should interrupt the proceedings by any ribaldry. At the same time it darted through my mind that it was scarcely fair to ask that question with Dr. and Mrs. Angus a hundred miles away, and I was seized

with a wild desire to laugh. But we both controlled ourselves.

They were standing up before Merryweather, Chalmers in a white linen suit which positively glittered with starch and getting up, a pomegranate flower in his button-hole, and a massive silver watch-chain dangling from his waistcoat, with a something on his face which, if he had not been so portentously serious, would have been a smile of self-complacency, as if he felt himself to be a spectacle for men and angels, and an edifying one at that.

Lucy was dressed in her ordinary best; she had not been in a position to prepare bridal finery, and the calico folded just under her arms over the short, sleeveless jacket, was snow-white and gracefully draped, and she had a white rose stuck behind one ear in the short hair—which looked like a black lamb's fleece—and wore on her pretty wrists two silver bangles Mrs. Elliott-Price had given her. She was a slim, graceful creature, with a small head and delicate features, and a complexion like polished bronze; and, greatly as she differed from all our previous ideas of brides, most of us thought we had never seen a prettier one.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

"I, David Tambala Chalmers, take thee, Lucy Chingasonji" . . . Fortunately Osman Adam, the Banyan trader, had been able to provide a ring that fitted exactly, so there was no difficulty or delay, though the slender brown fingers did tremble so.

And then it was over, and Mrs. Elliott-Price came and shook hands with bride and bridegroom, and brought them in to tea and mixed biscuits, almost an unexampled treat in Lucy's life, and, therefore, fitly associated with this high and solemn festival.

It is long since I left Africa, but the mail still brings me, from time to time, sententious epistles chronicling the welfare of the family whose head was once Tambala, the slave-boy.

He still manages a store for Ferrelra and Kalkbrenner, very much to their satisfaction apparently, and Lucy, his wife, takes in washing from all the Europeans within reach. They have named their eldest boy—unlucky wight—Vincent Hay, apparently after my unworthy self, and the little girl who followed him is Gladys Helen, the former of which appellations I conjecture to belong to Mrs. Elliott-Price.

A. Werner.

FIRST LOSS.

"Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage."

Ah! those days beyond renewing—
Days, the prime of Love and lovely,
Who can bring one instant only
Of those golden days again!
Still my wounds I foster lonely,
Still with sorrow sit, pursuing
Withered bliss and living pain.
Ah! those days beyond renewing
Who can bring them back again!

The Saturday Review.

W. Sichel, from the German of Goethe.

DAFFODILS.

A STUDY.

March, in olden times was considered the beginning of the year. The Daffodil may, therefore, be considered the first flower of the new year; and it may well be regarded as the beginning of its strength. There is no flower that strikes you as so fresh and vigorous and full of life. It has the strength and simplicity of a Doric column. It rises straight from the ground with singleness of purpose and directness of aim. Round leaves speak of restfulness and fulfilled design, and belong to the later periods of the year; straight leaves, on the other hand, in their upright lines suggest alert progressive movement, and are appropriate to the quick, eager life of youthful spring. In the long, narrow leaves of the daffodil, that seem stem and foliage combined in one, as if nature in her haste had no time to separate them, there is nothing superfluous. They gird their green garments closely about their loins to do more effectually the work that is set before them in the brief season.

The color of the daffodil leaves is of a peculiar glaucous green; a color that speaks of fullness of life, and is more refreshing to the eye than any other. It somehow suggests, as Dr. Forbes Watson well said, the idea of water, the source of all living freshness and coolness; not water in a shallow, colorless pool, where there is not enough of it to body forth its own hue, but water in the blue-green state, as it exists in the calm reaches beyond the downward thrust of the foaming cascade falling into the great depths. There you see water in its most vivid coloring; shades of deep green that are in most perfect harmony with the vegetation on the banks of the pool to which it gives rise

by its baptism of refreshment, and the laughing foliage that overhangs it, and dips its sportive boughs into the white foam-wreaths.

The close association between water and the leaves of the daffodil, with their smooth, cool, vivid-green surfaces, and their fast-growing tissues full of sap, struck the poetic fancy of the ancients, and originated the myth of Narcissus, who was changed into a daffodil by being in love with his own image reflected in a stream; and to adapt slightly Wordsworth's exquisite comparison, beauty born of murmuring sound did pass into its face. It enables us to realize the far-reaching significance of such fables as the transformation into a laurel—the freshest, coolest, and most like water of any plant—of Daphne, the daughter of a nymph of the rivers chased by the sun-god Apollo into this shady inaccessible refuge. And all such myths were personifications of the power by which the water that is born of the rivers is changed by means of the light and heat of the sun into the varied forms of vegetable life. Ruskin puts the lilies into a class by themselves to which he gives the name of "Arethusa," regarding them as the quiet enduring moulds into which the lovely waters, of which the famous fountain is the representative, are changed by the vital breath. The amaryllids, of which the daffodils is one of the fairest members, are indeed the daughters of Arethusa. They grow in the neighborhood of water; they are often grown in water only, without any soil; they are the embodiments of its coolest and greenest depths in the pools. They seem to have got their abundant sap out of the storm-clouds that during the

late winter and early spring months distilled their moisture into their growing-places.

Usually the green leaves of plants are the first to appear, being of a simpler type and construction than the flowers which are afterwards awakened by the stronger power of the sun. The flower of the daffodil shoots up in company with its long, spear-like leaves marshalled around it to defend it from the cold winds of March; but it maintains the general characteristic of spring plants, which is to rise up at once straight from the root. This peculiarity is caused by the special dangers to which spring plants are exposed, from the changeableness and inclemency of the weather at that season. Nature, as Tennyson tells us, is more careful of the type than of the single life; and, therefore, spring plants, like the crocus, send up their flowers, which belong, not to the individual, but to the race; not to the vegetable plant that now is, but to the propagative system of the life that is to come, before their leaves or immediately from their root—so as to accomplish the most important purpose first—and to secure that, whatever happens to the individual plant, the flower, and fruit, and seed of the species of the coming race will be safely provided for.

And how lovely is the contrast between the cool, shady leaves that stand sentinel around it, and the rich yellow of the blossom in the centre! We have in this flower of March the beautiful combination of winter and summer, of the rain-cloud and the sun-beam, of the warmth of the sun in its blossom and the coolness and freshness of the floods in its leaves; the whole plant being thus an expressive symbol of the two essential elements that help to make up its lovely life. Besides the legitimate petals of the flower, there is in the daffodil a corona or tube, which is a supplementary organ to protect the vital stamens and pistils, and to make the

blossom more attractive to the few insects that are about at this time, in order that they may fertilize it. The daffodils coming before the swallow dares, and taking the winds of March with beauty, require to work during the whole day and the lengthening eve, in order to secure the speedy perpetuation of the race; and therefore they are adorned with their brilliant hue, which is visible longer than any other color in the lengthening eves; and instead of being the emblem of forsakenness, as yellow is popularly supposed to be, it is made the emblem of attractiveness, drawing the eyes of insects and moths to the lilies, as our own eyes are attracted to the golden clouds in the west.

The corona tube not only crowns the flower with its supreme beauty, but it is also the cause of its graceful drooping shape, the stamens and pistils are protected within it, as I have said, and at their foot is the store of nectar prevented by the bending figure of the flower from being dissolved by the dews or rains, which would speedily fill the tube if it were always erect, like a cup. Its corona and petals in this way act as a roof, sheltering the precious honey for the alluring of insects from the copious rains that usher in the spring; while the petals and sepals, spread out as they are on either side, act like wings to balance the weight of the blossom, and to keep it afloat in the air at the top of its long stem with a graceful ease. This is the utilitarian purpose of the droop in the blossom of the daffodil; but what a tender charm does it give to the flower, which is not yet so assured of its position that it can fearlessly lift up its face into blue skies, and frankly receive the beneficent gifts of heaven into its open goblet! And what a beautiful lesson does it give of the tender mercies that are over all God's works, as it thus bends its graceful neck in prayer and thankfulness to Him, not daring to

lift up its head. It was the dancing of the nodding daffodils in the spring breeze that made Wordsworth's heart dance within him with a youthful joy. But Herrick sees in this peculiarity of the flower only a means of superstitious divination:

When a daffodil I see,
Hanging down her head towards me,
Guess I may what I must be;
First, I shall decline my head,
Secondly, I shall be dead,
Lastly, safely buried!

It was, indeed, a strange omen to take from a provision of nature, intended for the very opposite purpose—to prolong and perpetuate the life of the plant. It was a prophecy of life, not of death. But in those days of figurative resemblances, the drooping of the head of the daffodil was supposed to picture the bending of the body by disease or weakness to the grave.

The droop of the daffodil is very different from that of the snowdrop. It is a gradual arching curve like a swan's neck; whereas that of the snowdrop is abrupt from an almost straight stalk, that bends only slightly to the weight of the flower. The blossom of the snowdrop, owing to this wise contrivance, has greater freedom to turn round on its stem, and to set its back against the more boisterous storms that prevail in February when the Fair Maids are out; whereas the weather later on is more settled, and the droop of the daffodil accommodates itself to it by a graceful curve without injury. This arching curve becomes more marked in double flowers, for, owing to the reversion of slender, thread-like stamens and pistils into broad, leaf-like petals, the stem has a heavier weight to carry; but being overdone by this heavier burden, much of the beauty and grace of the flower has been lost. No flower has been so frequently doubled as the daffodil. In old-fashioned gardens, all the flowers used to be of that charac-

ter, and it was very rare to find anywhere a single flower. This came to be regarded as the natural habit of the plant, and it set the fashion. It was preferred for two reasons: because it presented a more showy appearance, larger flowers and more brilliant coloring; and, in the second place, this form was more lasting. By doubling a flower and so changing its seed-producing vessels into petals, you bring it more closely down to the condition of barren foliage, which, belonging to the individual, and not to the race, has a much longer term of existence. The flower fades quickly because it is a flower, the instrument of perpetuating the race—a quick means to a long end—and must speedily give way to the fruit and the seed; but the leaf that is kept as a leaf, endureth indefinitely. And yet what a sacrifice you make for the longer continuance of your double flower! You convert it into an artificial flower, that lacks all the fleeting charms of the single flower. How much lovelier is the single daffodil that is free to develop all its own parts in its own way! How exquisite is its frilled corona, which is not broken up into ragged, mop-like pieces! How fairy-like its petalled wings of a paler hue, which give it such a gladsome motion in the breeze! It is, indeed, the frill, perishing single daffodil that is the most beautiful. It is of the simple, and therefore fleeting wild-flower, and not of the double and more enduring garden form, that Herrick speaks so pathetically; and his words are more beautiful because they have this pathos of perishableness.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained its noon.
Stay, stay
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the evening song,
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

The blossom of the daffodil has a very singular feature, the significance of which is not commonly recognized. It springs directly from a brown membranous spathe or sheath, looking like a bit of dry tissue-paper clinging closely to the base of the flower. It is like a grocer's twisted bag or the miniature hood of a Capuchin monk. It seems like a deformity, and you would almost wish to tear it off, and leave the lovely golden blossom to rise directly from its bare, fresh, green stem. But in that case much of its beauty would be destroyed and all its significance lost! This feature brings out more thoroughly the brightness of the yellow blossom against its shrivelled wrapping. Its death in life contrasts more strikingly with the fresh, living juiciness of the stem below and the floral growth above it. The eye appreciates all the more fully the brilliancy of the flower that has sprung out of this dry, mummified sheath, like the cerements of the dead. The decay that has overtaken this part of the plant, when it has reached its highest point, and is about to be crowned with its golden crown of life, reads to us the moral of the transitoriness of all life.

But I see in this withered spathe hanging on the fair green neck of the flower a still more significant lesson, full of happy suggestion. Nature does not drop it as if it were a withered leaf; she persists in keeping it upon the stem, so that we may be duly impressed by it. Ordinary decay is at the extremity of things whose purpose is served. It indicates the end of their perfection. But the decay of this spathe is not at the end of the stem; for the stem goes beyond it to develop the blossom, and therefore it is only a step in the progress of the plant, only a stage in its unfolding. Why, it may be asked, does the sheath become dry and withered in the daffodil when it retains its fresh, green appearance in the snowdrop, and

continues on that plant unfaded till the flower dies? Is it not because the demands made upon the substance and strength of the snowdrop are not so great? Its blossom and the growth of its stem and leaves are so small that they economize their material and force in the formation of them, and therefore the spathe can preserve the freshness of the rest of the plant. But the needs of the daffodil, created by its long leaves and large blossoms, are so great that the spathe must have its green growth stopped, and must wither in order that the blossom may be formed by the sacrifice. It is the dying plant that flowers. Flowers appear at the end of stems where the vital force is far spent, and the substance for making new growth is almost exhausted. Therefore the plant blossoms at the end of the stem. But here in the sheath of the daffodil it rests a while, in order to accumulate fresh material and vital energy to complete the plant in its magnificent flower.

You notice that the withered membranous spathe at the farthest leafy or vegetative stage of the daffodil is one of the same simple elementary type and mode of construction as the scales that cover the bulb, from which the leaves and blossoms at first sprang. The daffodil thus in its highest growth goes back to its lowest growth. It dies down to its origin in its most advanced growth, in order to rise again to higher effort and more glorious revelation of what is in it. In the dry, withered sheath we see the recoil or retrogression from the fullest development of foliage enabling the plant in the same way as an athlete takes a step back in order to leap over an obstacle, to produce the highest formation of all, the flower and fruit. Strange it is to see the lovely blossom, that delights the eye with its golden crown of beauty, springing out of the unsightly shroud-like spathe, pushing through and be-

yond it, making the spathe to be a mere withered leaf, hanging upon its last green strength. So our own human life, whose glory is hid in death, shall survive, push through and beyond death to the eternal unfolding; and at last mortality shall be swallowed up of life,

and death itself shall die and drop off forever. Such is the glorious Easter hope which the withered spathe wrapped round the seed-vessel of the daffodil—or Lent Lily as it is often called—inspires!

Hugh Macmillan.

The Sunday Magazine.

THE CHILDREN OF THE BLOOD.

Is this the North Wind sweeping down to snap the storm-bent pine,
Or the South Wind whirling spindrift from Fuego to the Line?
No! East or West, fling out your best against the sea cliff sheer;
Far clearer than your storm-wind is the call that greets us here.

Where'er the Three Cross Banner waves you hear the summons roll,
From mountain crest to river bed, from Tropic to the Pole.
It floats out o'er the lonely veldt, across the prairie grass;
It strikes the busy merchant's ear where hurrying thousands pass;
Then crashing o'er the granite peak, it bids the hillman come;
The stockman gathers from the plain, the dalesman from his home.
Men hear it in the workshop as it echoes down the street,
It stirs the ready hand to arm, the loyal heart to beat,
It peals out o'er the desert waste, it thunders o'er the flood,
The Free Land's call to Free Men, to the Children of the Blood.

Where'er that brave old Banner flaunts our Triple Cross on high,
Where'er the Lion's cubs are reared, rings out the stern reply,—
"We hear thy voice, Great Mother, and we answer to thy call,
The offspring of thy mighty loins, spread o'er the seagirt ball.
We stand with thee in union,—Lord God, be Thou our guide,
Wield Thou the Sword of Justice, but *this* link let none divide!
We bring our lives, a free gift, for the land all freemen love,
For liberty and equal law, our charter from above."
And as, when dark clouds low'ered of old, our Fathers grimly stood,
So now, before the Nations, stand the Children of the Blood.

The Spectator.

C. M.

THE EVOLUTION OF LITERARY DECENCY.

"Take away your Bonny Afra Behn," said the old lady who, about 1810, borrowed and tried to read, the novels that had been the delight of her youth. Very few persons now peruse "*Astræa*," who trod the stage so loosely; very few know whether she was more indiscreet than the novelists of the eighteenth century or not. Mrs. Behn died in 1689; she had been the wife of a Dutchman, and, in one of her tales, she assures us that it is quite a mistake to suppose that a Hollander cannot love. This remark, and the circumstance that she anticipated Mrs. Beecher Stowe in taking a negro for her hero in one novel, are all that my memory retains of *Astræa*. They certainly did not leave a distinct and separate stain on my imagination.

The familiar anecdote of the old lady whose age rejected as impossible the romances which had delighted Society in her youth, supplies a text for a curious speculation. Wherefore had taste altered so radically in the space of one lifetime? It is a natural but inadequate reply that taste always does alter in sixty years. Thus, Lady Louisa Stuart, who was born about 1760, found, about 1820, that Richardson's novels, when read aloud, provoked inextinguishable laughter. In her youth people had wept or sighed over "*Pamela*;" now people mocked, and she mocked with them. Such changes of taste make the pathetic seem absurd, or make what Molière meant to be comic seem pathetic, at least to refined critics. But we are concerned with a change at once deeper and far more sudden—a change in morality rather than in style or sentiment. English literature had been, at least, as free-spoken as any other from the time of Chaucer to the death of Smollett. Then, in

twenty years at most, English literature became the most "pudibund," the most respectful of the young person's blush, that the world has ever known. Now, this revolution was something much deeper than the accustomed process which makes the style and the ideas of one generation seem antiquated and uncongenial to the readers of the next. We quite understand why Mr. Guy Boothby is preferred, say, to Thackeray, and Mr. Henty to Marryat, by the young. Youth detests what it thinks is "old-fashioned," and is puzzled by traits of manners with which it is unfamiliar. But custom will presently stale the authors of to-day, and that change of taste will not correspond at all to a change which, in some twenty years, altered the whole tone and character of a national literature. Why, and owing to what combination of causes, did the very plain speech of our first famous novelists in the eighteenth century become a stumbling-block to readers of some thirty years later? Why did decency, or prudery, if any one pleases, come *suddenly* into vogue between 1770 and 1800? Why were such poems as Suckling's ballad of a marriage published, about 1810, with lines and half stanzas omitted? How are we to account for Bowdler? The change of moral taste was really as great as the change of opinion about witchcraft, which arose between 1680 and 1736. Mr. Lecky has written at length about that revolution, but nobody, as far as I remember, has discussed the other alteration—Bowdler's alteration—in the matter of moral taste. In the first place it did not correspond with a regular sweeping purification of "Society." Nobody will say that the Regency, the age of Bowdler, was much more moral than the early part

of the reign of George III, the age of Wilkes. Yet, between 1760 and 1770, we had Smollett and Sterne for living novelists, while in 1800-1815, we had Miss Edgeworth, Godwin, Miss Austen, Mrs. Shelley, Galt, and Scott. Writers more delicate in language and description cannot be, nor could writers be much looser or coarser than those of the previous generation. The change of 1770-1814 lasted till quite recently. Novels were intended to "lie on the drawing-room table," and were meant to be fit for the young person. So stern were parents about 1840-1870 that they managed to find Thackeray "improper," and we all remember Thackeray's own remark that, since Fielding, nobody had dared to draw a man. Colonel Newcome must have been born about 1800, and the Colonel revolted naturally against Joseph Andrews and Tom Jones. By our time, of course, taste has altered, and lady novelists introduce situations which, I verily believe, would have made Astrea herself blush vermilion. But even now the *language* of the most advanced writers is far indeed from attaining the simple breadth of Smollett or Fielding, though many modern ideas expressed in fiction would have made Roderick Random exclaim in virtuous indignation. We have had novels fit to accompany Petronius in the library of Lord Strutwell.

A curious point in this evolution is the difference which it exhibits in France and in England. In England, Fielding and others felt it necessary, or desirable, to add coarsenesses to Molière. In France, the translation of "Tom Jones" (1749) was at first prohibited in the interests of virtue. The French dramatists of the great age of Louis XIV are as decent, as "mealy-mouthed" as the dramatists of Greece. The dramatists of the contemporary Restoration in England, and of Queen Anne's reign, were notoriously coarse and lewd. The remonstrances of Addi-

son and the Spectator had no effect on Fielding and Smollett. But, just when the old coarseness of these masters was dying out in England, the literature of France, in Diderot, Crébillon *filz*, and many others, began greatly to outdo what our novelists had dared. The *régime* of conscious Virtue and of the *philosophes* in France rather encouraged than checked such books as Voltaire's unspeakable "Pucelle." People thought "La Pucelle" amusing!

A classical example of the change in England is Charles Lamb's anecdote about the young lady who looked over his shoulder as he was reading "Pamela." She soon went away, and Lamb says that there was a blush between them. This may have occurred about 1815, and "Pamela" had been the very manual of Virtue from 1740 to 1780, or thereabouts. It was put into the hands of ingenious youth, and even of children. Richardson himself was the mere model of the proprieties, and thought Fielding "low." Diderot put Richardson on the same shelf as Moses. "Pamela" was written, as Scott says, "more for edification than for effect." Anticipating the modern clergy who preach on Miss Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine, Dr. Sherlock praised "Pamela" "from the pulpit." The novel was said to "do more good than twenty sermons," though Lady Mary Wortley Montagu thought it more mischievous than the works of Rochester. Scott also reckoned it apt rather to "encourage a spirit of rash enterprise" among hand-maidens than of "virtuous resistance." As a matter of fact, a generation or two later, "Pamela" made Lamb's young friend uncomfortable. She got up and went away. She belonged to the new age of Miss Austen, Miss Elgeworth, and Sir Walter. Nor need we, even in this emancipated time, wonder at Lamb's young lady. I doubt if many, even of our darling writers, would have the courage (the lack of hu-

mor they have) to write several of the scenes which Richardson wrote, and which the clergy applauded from the pulpit.

Lately I saw a contemporary picture of a very scantily-draped Pamela, aroused by fancying she heard Mr. B. under the bed. It was not to be called a moral work of art, and I fear that "Pamela" owed much of its success to qualities which doubtless made no conscious part of Richardson's design. Indeed, as we read it, we "laugh in a strange and improper manner," like the wife of Mr. Arthur Pendennis on one occasion. Quite rapidly, in some sixty years, "Pamela" lost her reputation, became little better than one of the wicked, frightened away the virgins whom she was meant to edify, and sank into "a deplorably tedious lamentation," as Horace Walpole declares, read only by conscientious students of eighteenth-century literature. The reason is not merely that the lowly characters are slavish, as Scott observes. The reason is that, to our changed taste, "Pamela" is both prurient and coarse. Even "Clarissa" is obsessed, through all its intolerable length, by one dominant idea, and leads up to a catastrophe which we cannot contemplate with patience. Once more I doubt if our youngest and ablest writers would dare to subject a noble lady to the martyrdom of Clarissa, or would be admired by the general public if they did.

It is well known that Dr. Johnson, though he read straight through "Amelia," told Hannah More that she ought to be ashamed of saying that she had read "Tom Jones." One cannot guess what fly had bitten the Doctor. "Tom Jones" is a really moral work, if we set aside Fielding's leniency towards one inexcusable adventure of Mr. Jones's. I presume that Fielding was reprobated because he was humorous. Even now, we find the advanced,

and virtuous, and earnest applauding the most squalid horrors of M. Zola and others, while they would fly in horror from Gyp. And why? Obviously because M. Zola is absolutely devoid of wit and humor (which Gyp possesses), and, therefore, may be as abominable as he pleases. Has he not a lofty moral purpose! So, in fact, had Fielding, but, alas! he was humorous—all unlike Richardson, Zola, Ibsen, and Tolstoi. "Joseph Andrews" not only makes us laugh, but encourages every generous virtue. Still, Joseph was "low," and "Pamela," in some incomprehensible way, was elevating. Even now, nobody dares to approach the broad and physically coarse methods of Fielding. We do not think it at all comic that Sophia should fall in an unbecoming manner from her horse, nor can we even imagine why Fielding thought it comic. So far, the change is all for the better—indeed, I am apt to think that it was generally for the better, except in such extreme instances as when the prudery of James Ballantyne spoiled the whole sense of "St. Ronan's Well;" or when Jeffrey induced Dickens to make clotted nonsense of "Dombey & Son"—*vile damnum* in the latter case. It does not appear to me that our ebullient novelists ought really to be hampered by limitations which do not seem to have been resented by Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, Molière, and Racine. But our problem is, not the good or evil results of certain restraints on freedom of language and incident, but the wonderfully sudden rise of these restraints between 1770 and 1790. In 1771 Smollett published "Humphry Clinker," distinctly his best book. The brutality of "Roderick Random," the infamous ferocity of "Peregrine Pickle," are here mollified and meliorated. But, except in the works of M. Zola or of Swift, there are few passages in literature, if any there are, so physically and so needlessly nauseous as cer-

tain of the early letters of Matthew Bramble. Everything disgusting that medical practice could suggest to a brutal fancy is here set forth with elaborate care. There is something of the ape, of the Yahoo, in these passages attributed to the pen of an honorable and benevolent country gentleman. On the chapter of Smells, "Smellfungus," as Sterne called Smollett, is as copious as M. Zola or M. Guy de Maupassant. Nobody seems to have objected as some purists did object to the freakish contemporary lubricities of Sterne. All these great eighteenth-century writers revelled joyously in the necessarily grotesque physical side of human nature. It was primely witty to half-poison somebody with a surreptitious dose of medicine. Homely articles of everyday life were constantly dragged in to get a laugh—articles that the most emancipated novelist of to-day keeps out of his daring pages. And, in thirty years, all these amusing objects, and scores of sets of comic or sensual situations, had become even more impossible in fiction than they are today. Even the author of "Tom and Jerry" would have given them a wide berth in England, and few authors, except M. Armande Silvestre, venture on them in France. In 1740 Dickens would have had cheap and nasty resources, and would have used them, while the Dickens of 1840 shunned them even more scrupulously than most men.

One cannot imagine a change more rapid and more radical. We had not been a prudish people. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, Congreve, Smollett, Burns, Sterne, are at the opposite extreme from the prudish. Why did we become so dainty between Smollett's death (1771) and the rise of Mrs. Radcliffe (1789)? We cannot attribute the revolution to the influence of feminine authors (such as Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Austen), for feminine influence in Mrs. Manley, Mrs.

Heywood, and Afra Behn had tended in quite an opposite direction. Moreover, it is ladies to-day who throw their caps highest over the windmills, both in licentiousness of idea and physical squalor of theme—always, of course, for lofty moral purposes. Again, one cannot see that society was more delicate when Rowlandson drew than when Hogarth boldly designed spades *as* spades. The Court of the Regency was not purer than the early years of the Regent's worthy father. People were as naughty as when Lady Vane published the "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality." Yet, everything Smollettian and Rabelaisian was banished clean out of literature, and has never returned. Those persons are very young and ill-informed who think that the change is "Early Victorian." That theory, if correct, would be intelligible; but the revolution was really late Georgian; it arose in an age of heavy courtly license—an age when popular life was nearly as rough as it had been in 1740. Yet, quite a large class of topics was now banished, not only from books, but from conversation between the sexes. Burns, as a peasant, was probably the last poet who took his full swing. Byron was reprobated; and Leigh Hunt was gibbeted (hypocritically, I fear) for the "Story of Rimini." None of the three would have been much censured forty years earlier.

I have stated the problem, but I do not pretend to solve it. I remember no Jeremy Collier, and no Addison, who set about reforming the coarseness of taste, just after Smollett's day; and it does not seem that Jeremy or Addison, when they tried, really produced much effect. The Spectator, in Lamb's situation on Primrose Hill, might, indeed, have proved as embarrassing as did "Pamela" herself. Nor did foreign influences produce the revolution, for France was then hurrying into what had been the English extreme.

If I must make a guess, I would hazard the theory that the change was caused by the rise of a larger reading middle class, especially by the increase in the numbers of women of the middle classes, and in the country, who read books. They had not hitherto been literary; they had simply been housewives and stitchers; good mothers, not bookish. At no time had their class been so free, in conduct or conversation, as the women in "society" and in London. What they avoided in life, they disliked in literature. They now began to get into contact with literature through book clubs. There were regular societies of provincial Blues, not spotted by town or court. Moreover, we must probably allow a good deal for the many and far-reaching influences of the Wesleyan movement, and of the Anglican Church as affected thereby. The red-faced parsons, absorbent of port and of ale, the Parson Trullibers, died out. What can Mrs. Trulliber have read? Nothing, probably; but the wives of the Henry Tilneys did read, and doted on Cowper as well as on Clara Reeve and Mrs. Radcliffe. Moreover, even Sterne, with his "sentiment" made people desire fiction which could touch the heart as well as amuse, and they got it in Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling" and "Julia de Roubigné." Shelley, in boyhood, tried to set the example of didactic novels, meant, he says, to inculcate his metaphysics and morals. When once sentiment, and didacticism, and romance, and terror (as in Mrs. Radcliffe and other favorites of Miss Catharine Morland) came in, and were found delightful, humor and libertinism went out. Broad farce was not in harmony (despite Dickens) with sentiment and the wilfully didactic, nor with "the horrid," with spectral castles, and inquisitorial dungeons. Smollett had thought such attractions dead forever, but he was wrong. They revived, they were hugely popular, they held the

field and horseplay went out. Miss Burney, again, could not be expected to sin in the direction of Astraea, yet she could interest and amuse without such gambols. There were no humorous novelists, or none who are now remembered as authors of stories between the days of Smollett and Miss Edgeworth. There arose a forgotten school of historical novelists. So nobody was tempted to use the old, simple, animal expedients for getting a laugh. Thus the new and great generation of Scott and Miss Austen had no temptation to coarseness or licentiousness; even a moderate freedom would have been fatal, and modern critics may think Scott and Miss Austen "senselessly decent."

On the whole, the most obvious and probable cause of the sharp and sudden revolution of taste was probably what we may call the Wesleyan Reformation acting on the middle classes far beyond the bounds of the Wesleyan communion. Wesley's movement was really (though he did not know it) part of the Romantic movement; it began in an asceticism, and in an emotion, and in "supernormal experiences" after the model of the ideals of the mediæval church. Romanticism itself (in spite of some old French romances) is, in essence, "a delicate thing;" knights amorous and errant are all unlike the festive wanderers of Fielding and Smollett. The squires of romantic lovers are no Straps nor Partridges, and the knights understand "the maiden passion for a maid," in a sense unknown to the lovers of Sophia, Emilia, and Narcissa. The new middle-class lady novel-reader could not put up with the infidelities of Tom Jones, Roderick Random, and Peregrine Pickle. She felt personally insulted (and no wonder) by their behaviour. From all these influences, one ventures to conjecture, the singular and rapid change in taste, and the decent limitations on literary art (limitations hither-

to conspicuously absent from English fiction) drew their origin. That the once Puritan middle class deserve most of the praise is a theory strengthened by the example of America, where prudery as to the use even of simple harmless phrases (for example, you "retire" in America; you never go to bed) irritated Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. American literature is assuredly neither licentious nor coarse. But these hypotheses may be inadequate or erroneous, in which case the problem becomes vastly more curious and interesting. A problem it is; the generation of Scott's father saw nothing out of the way or reprehensible in literary forms which the authors of Scott's generation might, and, of course, did enjoy, but dared not and cared not to follow. Sir Walter himself was an ardent admirer of Smollett, whom, at one time, he was constantly quoting. But Scott's own heroes never once wander from the strict path of a solitary virtuous attachment. His one heroine, who, in fact, had transgressed from the path of Dian, was, if I may say so, violently shunted back into it, owing to the prudery of Ballantyne, some of

whose MS. notes on Scott's proof-sheets prove him to have possessed "a nice morality." Henceforward every hero was a Galahad, till Mr. Rochester broke away from the rule, and Richard Feverel fell into the ancient errors of Captain Booth. Even now a hero's confessions are less startlingly explicit than those of Roderick Random; and nobody would pretend to interest us in a Peregrine Pickle, or even in a Pamela. The change, which was born full grown, has lasted for a century in England, which had previously set the very opposite example. It was a change due not merely to the moral revolution that sprang from the Wesleys, but to a general revolt all along the line, in favor of the ideal and the spiritual, and against the godless common-place and brutality of the early Hanoverian time. The new materialism of science has probably fostered the new "emancipated" literature of the *strugforlifew* of M. Daudet. Thus, reactions succeed each other; but, on the whole, in fiction, and not looking at the worse than Smollettian vulgarity of such plays as "Lord Quex," the tendency to a new license seems to have expended itself.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A. Lang.

AT NIGHT IN MARCH.

Now over all the storm-scarred earth is shed
A radiance of moonlight,—calm, serene,—
There is no sign of spring, no tint of green
Upon the faded landscape far out spread,—
But yet the spring advances,—overhead,
And sloping nightly westward may be seen
Belted Orion where he strides between
Bright Sirius and Taurus fierce and dread.
There are no nights so fair as those of March,
No other constellations charm as these,
Revolving farther down the vaulted arch,
The Pleiad sisters, and faint Hyades—
Oh! many worlds that roll at His command
Dimly we see, who darkly understand!

C. D. W.

CHILD OF THE INFINITE.

I.

Sun, and Moon, and Flame, and Wind,
Dust, and Dew, and Day, and Night!
Ye endure,—shall I endure not,
Though so fleeting in your sight?
Ye return,—shall I return not,
Flesh, or in the flesh's despite?
Ye are mighty, but I hold you
Compass'd in a vaster might.

II.

Sun, before your flaming circuit
Smote upon the uncumbered dark,
I within the Thought Eternal
Palpitant, a quenchless spark,
Watched while God awoke and set you
For a measure and a mark.

III.

Dove of Heaven, ere you brooded
Whitely o'er the shoreless waste,
And upon the driven waters
Your austere enchantment placed,
I was power in God's conception,
Without rest and without haste.

IV.

Journeying Spirit, ere your tongues
Taught the perished to aspire,
Charged the clod, and called the mortal
Through the re-initiant fire,
I was of the fiery impulse
Urging the Divine Desire.

V.

Breath of Time, before your whisper
Wandered o'er the naked world;
Ere your wrath from pole to tropic
Running Alps of Ocean hurled,
I, the germ of storm in stillness,
At the heart of God lay furled.

VI.

Seed of Earth, when down the void
You were scattered from His hand,
When the spinning clot contracted,
Globed and green at His command,
I, behind the sifting fingers,
Saw the scheme of beauty planned.

VII.

Phantom of the Many Waters,
When no more you fleet and fall,
When no more your round you follow,
Infinite, ephemeral,
At the feet of the Unsleeping
I shall toss you like a ball.

VIII.

Rolling Masks of Life and Death,
When no more your ancient place
Knows you, when your light and brightness
Swing no longer over space,
My remembrance shall restore you
To the favor of His face.

Fall Mall Magazine.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

HUMORS OF AN IRISH COUNTRY TOWN.

Surely in no spot in Great Britain, village or town, can it be possible to feel so far removed from the world as in an Irish country town. That peace which the world cannot give broods over it. Mr. Froude has heard the last echo of the elder world in the church bells, which chime now as they did in the days of virtuous King Harry, who turned the monks adrift. In Cullaghmore, a county town of the Irish Midlands, no sound is heard that is peculiar to modern life except the distant roar of the trains hurrying to Cork. One cannot believe, at first, that this is a mother city, whither ever so many little

demes look for supplies and help and government. Yet even here tradesmen can amass their piles of greasy notes, and banks and public houses are abundant. Hither come on market-days the slow donkeys, each stiffly dragging his little cart, which resembles in miniature the huge floats that are allowed to block London streets; the proprietor, male or female, sits on each, contented to jog on half the day, and jog back as patiently as their beasts. Perhaps, like Winky Boss, they measure the distance by pipes of tobacco; though, indeed, the younger women, brave in best clothes and feathers, smoke not—only old

crones do that—neither do they knit; they are happy enough in having nothing to do except twitch the reins at rising ground, until they reach the Mecca whither the heads of countless donkeys are turned. This patch of brown in the midst of long, green pastures, this St. Kilda of towns, to be the eponymous capital of a county! The daily arrival of yesterday's Times or Standard keeps the feeling of isolation ever present. The fact that a reply-paid telegram will bring an answer as surely and quickly as if it were sent between St. John's Wood and Chelsea is always a fresh surprise, tending to shake the mind from its lonely moorings. The badged and belted telegraph-boy looks an alien in the place, although he also is of the tribe of Ryan. There is something incongruous about his red facings, and the red pillar-boxes, as there is about the red regiment in the barracks on the hill. Were Home Rule to come, telegraph-boys and pillar-boxes would be dressed in green, and no soldiers entertained except, perhaps, the Rifle Brigade. After all, green is a more restful color. All God's works here are green or drab—the land green, and the sky drab; man follows in humble imitation, for the town and its people are in drab, with parade of green on holidays.

Englishmen think of Southern Ireland, if they ever think of it in these quiet days, as always fermenting upwards into lush grass and pigs and cattle under warm, everlasting rain. I know one town which can be as cheerless as the North Sea in winter. The soaking roofs cluster under a high range of hills, which lie to the southwest, cloud-capped towers with dripping sides. On the many days when the wind blows up from the Atlantic these hills extract the due moisture, and the lightened masses roll on to make way for heavier piles; from north and east there is no shelter, and the

wind, rejoicing in its strength, dashes through the town and measures its force against the dark-browed hills, under which the houses seem to be forlornly cowering, like a herd of cattle that seek shelter at a hedge-side. In summer, if the morning be calm and warm, the mist rises from the valley and floats half way up the hills, as if an intrusive locomotive was laying its white trail. Winter more often veils them in driven clouds and rain, but at rare intervals before sunset the sky clears, and the piled heights seem to have put their heads together in wonder. Through the atmosphere washed by the everlasting rain miles are as yards in your sight, and unsuspected peaks and domes crowd into the picture. Then the wind will give a gentle moan before going to work again, driving a little mist around the more-distant hill-tops; turn away for five minutes, and the swimming vapor "puts forth an arm and creeps from pine to pine," dragging itself swiftly from hill to hill, so that when you look again the eyes turn with a shiver to the cheerful gaslights of the little town. Yet, cold as it can be, the country-folk wear clothes which an English ploughman's lusty shuddering would soon resolve into constituent rags. Unclothed and half-fed as the children are, their bones grow long and strong, until they become the tallest men in the British Isles. This, to be sure, is by the action of that great law which yet awaits its Dalton or Darwin, that what suits the Saxon is a misfit for the Celt and *vice versa*. The few successes to which English administration in Ireland can point, are all due to certain empirical applications of this law. Englishmen will never understand this; those that are put in authority over us learn nothing as the years advance. Because all the machinery of representative government works smoothly in England, where the greasing of the wheels is done in secret,

county councils must, therefore, mean justice in a land where the strongest force, social and political, is the tendency to disunion. But politics never yet thatched leaky roofs. Here in Cullaghmore the main road is lined by mud-walled cabins, which rise from mud floors that are lower than the roadway, so that the rain-water pours over the door-sill. Eyes and ears and nose are offended. The dwellers never wash themselves or their children, who shriek and swear amongst the pigs and poultry; as turf is dear, they burn malodorous substitutes. The air is not redolent of the sharp peat-reek, which is the sweetest smell in an Irishman's nostrils; if you have been away for a time, it is the faint smell of burning turf, as it mingles with the hedge-rows, which brings close to you that you are no longer in cold, staid England, but have returned to home, sweet home. These dwellers by the wayside, children of Gibeon, have no wish to better their lot by removal; they are contented to dwell whither it has pleased God to call them, so long as he gives them the daffy bread which they hate to seek and toil for. All would fain be lords of the cabin whereof their fathers were lords, and though they cannot now sing with Herrick,

Here we rejoice because no rent
We pay for our poor tenement,

the judicial rent is no more than the cabins are worth. It is a life of little ease and no comfort; they look forward to marrying their eldest son, by the matchmaker's aid, to a girl with a dowry, and then living as lodgers in the same cabin with him and his wife and a new family. The custom is kindly and thriftless, and in England would certainly lead to domestic murder, as, if Zola tells the truth, it does lead thither in France. It is a commonplace to say that the Irish flourish any-

where save in Ireland, but it is truer that there are no Irish anywhere else, for they change their minds as well as their sky when they fare across the sea, just as the potato, if planted in a tropical climate, becomes something other than itself. So, for all those who live therein, God may have made a better place than Cullaghmore, but doubtless never did.

In an English town there is always a middle class, upper and lower, between which sections there is a great gulf fixed, good people who are unwearied in providing occupation for their neighbors, and amusements small but dear. Amongst them bazars and sales of work, organ recitals and temperance lectures flourish, with much talk of improving one's mind, much talk of doing things for religion's sake, all in a vulgar, tactless kind of way. Except in the three great towns, Ireland has no middle class of this kind, and pays dearly enough for the lack. These people are those who do most of the work in England, are indefatigable at committees and boards, and see that public works are not executed to undue private advantage; they constitute public opinion. No one should blame them because their first motive is self-advertisement; they are too useful to be discouraged, and it is because of them that comfort is much better understood in England than in Ireland. Here a man is, to speak roughly, a gentleman or a serf. A family of the latter class, if it has enough to eat, is as cheerful and improvident as if the sun always shone through the warm air, and there was no duty on whisky. Bad temper, always snarling and grumbling, is not the gloomy inheritance of Irishmen; there is none of that sullenness which makes the conversation of a workman's compartment on an English railway sound like the growling of a cage of wild beasts. The poorest laborer at work in a tattered coat under the west-

ern rain is delighted to pause and consider a strange face, whilst giving his opinion, usually wrong, upon the coming weather. In truth, the middle class in England is stupid, and the Irish peasants are clever, for a narrow education is worse than none at all. The English workman is no fool, but often sulky and brutal, and intensely suspicious of strangers; our country people are quite untrustworthy, with no sense of duty towards their neighbors, but ever so much pleasanter companions. When chance gives them the means they drink long and gaily, having the power of swallowing the very worst whisky with appreciation and gratitude, whilst they continue to remember and venerate the name of Father Mathew. When the statue of the temperance apostle was unveiled in Dublin some years ago, crowds of people came up from the country to show their loving memory of his work; there were countless bands and banners, unlimited enthusiasm. The Dublin shops closed to show that they also were in sympathy, and, after the ceremony, strangers and citizens had to appease their hunger and thirst at the public-houses. The orgy in Dublin streets that night must have made Father Mathew in heaven wish he had never lived and preached. At any rate, nobody in the country districts need ever fear being harmed or insulted by a drunken man on a fair-day or a Saturday afternoon, because, although such a person is perfectly ready to fight the whole world, he only attacks foemen worthy of his steel, honest men who look at things in the same light as he does himself, and never make unpleasantness. The worst class of men in Ireland, the squireens, is almost extinct; there is no room for the men with a little land and less education, who thought themselves above the common farmer, were loud and dirty, and lived only for horses and whisky. The bad times were at least

as bad for the lean as the fat, and the squireens went under.

The Sundays would prove best to the strange Englishman that he is in a foreign country and knows nothing about Ireland. He will go to church on Sunday morning, at the usual time to the usual bell, and will find the building, as he thinks, empty, although, in fact, the vicar cannot count an absentee. He forgets that he is no longer on the side of the big battalions, whither Providence has so plainly called him. For the Protestants in the South of Ireland are singing the songs of Zion in a strange land. They have brought their own gods with them, as superior as everything else made in England; but the unfathomable, irresponsible Celt refuses to have anything to do with them. Those architects who built our churches had no insight into the future, or they would not have built for hundreds where ten would come. Henry VIII might fluctuate with every wind of doctrine, and Cromwell prove how sharp was the sword of the Lord and his earthly saints, but the Irish preferred the heavenly saints whom they knew. All that was needed to make Ireland the most loving daughter of the Mother Church was the separation order from England; mother and daughter were but drawn closer together by the brute arbitrament of war. Hence it is that an Irish rector is well content if he sees fifty worshippers in a building made to hold five hundred, and counts the regular communicants on the fingers of one hand. He is not overworked on weekdays, nor knows anything of the eating cares that beset the incumbent of an English parish. Work out of church hardly exists for him. Disestablishment has rendered him certain of a moderate income, however feeble his intellect may be, at the same time as it removed all inducement for clever men to enter the church. As living is cheap in the country, he marries

and has many children. But it is a lonely life for him and his wife; there are not over half a dozen families they can visit and receive, and he must wish, idle man though he be, that he could change his little colony for the thousands over whom the priest exercises patriarchal sway.

A man accustomed to live in English towns, where the lower classes have no religion, is amazed at the manner in which the Roman Catholic fold brings in all its sheep. None remain outside the door, because none dare face the pains and penalties. Partly by promises, partly by threats, most of all by performance, this Church holds rich and poor alike; it can punish and reward with eternal penalties and eternal gifts; it is the greatest power below the sky, and uses its strength unmercifully. On Sunday mornings the little groups coming from the Protestant Church, all of them well dressed and comfortable, as becomes the members of an English garrison, often meet the broad wave of frieze and corduroy coming from the Catholic Church, and are filled with a feeling of pride; they are the elect, these the Gentiles; many are called, but they are the few chosen. Some pious alien in the past has built a Presbyterian church and manse; very possibly he was one of Cromwell's settlers. It is reported that the congregation numbers four; these four must be on a pinnacle of spiritual pride. The Sunday afternoons in winter must seem to the Presbyterians utter abomination. One can hardly say that the well-known horrors of a "Continental Sunday" flourish in the rural districts of Munster, but the people are obviously unsworn to the Solemn League and Covenant. The air is full of shouts from an upland field, where the wild lads are playing a wild game called Gaelic football, which Ireland invented of her own special grace and mere motion. In this game you can play at Rugby or Asso-

ciation according to the exigencies of the moment; rules are unworthy of a free people, or one striving to be free. The full teams are rarely playing at the same moment, as couples are wont to retire for a few moments and settle differences while they are fresh. If the spectators are numerous, faction fights are apt to occur, as in the electrical atmosphere feuds eighty years old sometimes recur to the mind. Gruesome stories will be told you, if you like to listen, of matches in which three or four men were fairly killed, and comfortably buried, without the coroner or any other foreign official being informed. But there are no other forms of Sunday amusements which might provoke Sabbatarian censure, unless poaching be an exception, and that is an ordinary, everyday pursuit, whenever time can be made for it. You may easily meet in the afternoon a band of youths and dogs, carrying openly down the roads three or four rabbits or hares. The passers by will regard them with a benevolent smile, unless he happens to be a brutal oppressor of the poor, whose game-preserving soul is wrung by the sight. These simple sports are all that exist in the country; cricket is practically unknown, and all the summer a deep peace broods over the long grasses and pasture fields.

It is plain that a professional man who has to begin a full day's work every morning can enjoy life in these dumb, inert, little Irish towns; but what of the wives and daughters? Their lives resemble that shadowy existence in Hades with which Achilles frightened generation after generation of the Greeks. They might maintain that it is better to be a kitchenmaid in cities, in a poor man's house who has little to eat, than to reign a local queen. For these poor women are not even in the country; they have much of the noise and smells of town; and are yet almost lonely among two or three thou-

sand men and women. The Protestant rector, the doctor, the banker, make up the whole middle class, and these victims of isolation usually quarrel among themselves. Their women are debarred from their proper occupation of visiting the poor and tending the sick, there are no matins and evensong to attend, and they have to fall back on themselves. Certain pastimes are in vogue from time to time. At present hockey and golf lighten the weary path, lawn-tennis being quite out of fashion, only to be tolerated in remote country gardens, whose owners have not learnt that tennis-courts ought to become croquet lawns. Hockey, unhappily, can only be played in populous places; it is very difficult to get together twenty-two people who may endure each other as regards social position and religion. Golf is very popular, but lack of pence prevents most links being used in summer, as it would cost too much to keep the grass cut. Salvation has to be sought in the bicycle, and when the gains of the nineteenth century are finally weighed this will be found the greatest. All boys and girls ride in Ireland, because an intermediate system of education casts money broadcast through the schools, most of which finds its way to the cycle manufacturers. If the resident magistrate rides a bicycle all is well, for then the foot-paths are open; but the road contractors are anti-cyclists, and do their best to keep them from being profaned by anything more modern than the ass and cart. The lack of social pastimes nowadays, when two or three are gathered together, is distressing.

What delightful games our ancestors seem to have known! We are too self-conscious, it appears, to play at them, but our maidens might, at least, try to revive them as weapons of offence. Perhaps some of them are too innocent for the nineteenth century, and some are not innocent enough. Yet the Irish

girls might be helped in the capture of a subaltern, their legitimate prey from time immemorial, by "Barley-break, or last in hell," by "Draw-gloves," or "Fox I' the hole." What game was it to which Herrick invited Lucia? "At stool-ball, Lucia, let us play." It is worth noting that Chapman, in his translation of the "Odyssey" makes Nausicaa and her maidens play at "stool-ball." There could not be a better precedent. At any rate, there is little good in people meeting to say, "Nous nous ennuyons ensemble." The sons and brothers are, of course, in Dublin, crowding into the overcrowded professions; the girls stay at home unless weariness drives them to be nurses. There would be a great difference if they had the priceless distraction which English girls enjoy—that of doing good to ungrateful families. But the broad-chested, bandy-legged Catholic priest allows no poaching in his covers. He, to be sure, is in no lack of society, and goes nowhere except where he takes unquestioned the highest seat. His despotic power does no harm to his subjects, and goes far to ruin the man himself. Some score of years ago there had been a family conference to determine whether Tim should be a ploughman or a priest, and when the cloth carried it over the corduroys his family put their shoulders to the wheel, so that after a weary waiting they received the patent of nobility. For, as at Rome a family took place among the aristocracy if an ancestor had held curule honors, in Ireland the neighbors look reverently on the cabin that has reared a priest. They justly hold that it is no small thing to have the keys of heaven, to open and shut the door of immortal life on one's fellow-men. It is by no means so good for the priest himself, who is in danger of succumbing to ecclesiastical arrogance founded on the paltriest education. Englishmen brought up as peasants, taught at

Maynooth, and entrusted with such powers, would be always unendurable; the Irish priest is not always an impossible person. Still, one would prefer not to be the national schoolmaster under him.

We have a railway running through the town, a line more than sixty miles long, which serves a rich country of deep pasture, whence long trains full of bullocks are always being shunted up and down under loud protest. At each extremity of the line are two large cities. The unpunctuality of its trains hurts no one and irritates no one; time is long and cheap in Ireland. Perhaps the "Celtic melancholy," about which so much is said, sees clearly that man, brief man, is ridiculous if he lashes himself to fury because he must wait a few minutes breathing God's good air at a country station. Modern methods have so far prevailed upon our altruistic company—that it labors not for its own selfish interests the share lists show—as to bring excursion trains to the Sunday football matches. As soon as the match is ended the train draws up into the station and stays there; somebody on the engine blows its steam whistle loudly to remind the passengers that they are but sojourners, and have no abiding-place in Cullaghmore. One would think the precaution unnecessary, for these lucky folk, enviously regarded by the townspeople, are asserting ostentatiously in all the public-houses that they are travellers, *bona-fide* travellers. The train slowly fills; those that have come betimes sit down and wait a couple of hours with not an unkind thought towards guard or station-master; when the police are of opinion that all are safely gathered in, the whistling ceases and our visitors depart. Four or five miles away the up trains stop at a little station to give in their tale of tickets before reaching a junction. On occasions a

train has arrived late, so that when in the station

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

It is said that on the instant ticket-collector, guard, and porter retire to their devotions, the passengers waiting patiently, unless they be "black Presbyterians" or Englishmen. It is part of our new Imperialistic creed to believe that the railway does away with the old-world obstacles and progress; the Soudan will take to studying English literature and science as soon as the iron horse supersedes the camel. Ireland is one of those despised nations, "half sullen and half wild," who would above all things be left to themselves. The people are gentle and cheerful; they have ever had the strangest power of winning over the stranger, but they will neither worry nor be worried. The past stands side by side with the present; it is not a palimpsest to be laboriously deciphered. Two miles to our east the railroad runs directly over a holy well. At the side of the embankment is a round pool, black and forbidding, fed by a never-falling spring; here where the trains thunder by to catch the packet-boat for England, the country people drink of the sacred water, and pray for release from their afflictions. When going away they hang their bandages, sad, fluttering rags, on the tree beside the well. Perhaps it may be likened to the tree Ygdrasil, with root fixed in heaven, or to some it may appear like to that whose time-tossed branches Æneas saw in the porch of Avernus:

Ulmus opaca, Igens, quam sedem
Somnia volgo
Vana tenere ferunt, foliisque sub omni-
bus haerent.

There would have been no railways in "Ireland for the Irish," but they are

cheerfully accepted as part of an imperfect scheme of existence. A journey to any place has the merit of giving an excuse for merry-making, and soft-skinned and thin-skinned folk have to travel first or second class. There are many skinfuls of whisky in the third-class carriages, and indeed a man needs something to cheer him when seated on a narrow, cushionless ledge against a hard, wooden wall. The Englishman, by perseverance, has made the railway companies see to his comfort; we never persist in making ourselves unpleasant. No magistrates outside this country would have been so rightminded as those who refused to punish a farmer for pitching out of window a man who objected to smoking, and gaily proceeded to fine the complainant for leaving a train when in motion.

Generation after generation of English people have considered Ireland as a necessary evil, a thorn in the flesh, inserted by Providence for its own good ends. The very bagmen at the country hotels feel and show that it is an inferior country to which they are selling superior articles. It would be interesting to trace the feeling with which Ireland is mentioned in English literature before the present century. The burden of complaint, the "*Quousque tandem, Catilina, abutere patientia nostra?*" may be noticed through the Elizabethan dramatists, though, indeed, Shakespeare is more generous. His honest insular hatred spent itself on the French and weasel Scots; his love was

for Italy, and to Ireland he gave neither praise nor blame. Yet we feel, especially we who live in the South, that there is no man in England, unless he be an umbrella-maker or waterproof-maker, but has reason every week to thank a careful heaven that placed Ireland to defend England from the Atlantic. It is a national boast with Englishmen that in their climate a man can spend more days out of doors than anywhere else. They are blind to the reason. In this matter, as in some others, Ireland is England's whipping-boy. Were not this deluged island at hand to take the moisture out of the Atlantic rain-clouds, England would be drenched with rain. The farmers would have even more pessimistic ideas on the advantage of sowing wheat, and cricket would not be the national game. Cricketers feel a little anxiety for the morrow's game when they read in the evening paper that the barometer is falling fast at Valentia; but on that morrow most of Ireland will be blotted out by the dark rain, and farmers, athletes, sportsmen, foiled once again. Only so much rain as Munster, Connaught, and Leinster cannot manage between them—and their capacity is enormous and sorely tried—will pass on to England, the spoilt darling of fortune. Observe how cunningly Ireland is placed at right angles to the path of the wet southwester—she protects England like an umbrella held to front the wind.

Ernest Ensor.

Cornhill Magazine.

'TIS ILL TEACHING GOD.

When we look back on all the paths we tried,
The turns and windings all.
Shall we not own, where'er the paths divide
It was the Hand we sought to thrust aside
That let the blessing fall?

Frederick Langbridge.

The Living Age.—Supplement.

APRIL 7, 1900.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

IN LADYSMITH DURING THE SIEGE.*

Weary, stale, flat, unprofitable, the whole thing. At first to be besieged and bombarded was a thrill; then it was a joke; now it is nothing but a weary, weary bore. We can do nothing but eat, and drink and sleep—just exist dully. We have forgotten when the siege began; and now we are beginning not to care when it ends.

For my part I feel it will never end.

It will go on just as now, languid fighting, languid cessation, forever and forever. We shall drop off one by one and listlessly die of old age.

And in the year 2099 the New Zealander antiquarian, digging among the buried cities of Natal, will come upon the forgotten town of Ladysmith, and he will find a handful of Rip Van Winkle Boers, with white beards down to their knees, behind quaint, antique guns shelling a cactus-grown ruin. Inside, sheltering in holes, he will find a few decrepit creatures, very, very old, the children born during the bombardment. He will take these links with the past home to New Zealand. But they will be afraid at the silence and security of peace. Having never known anything but bombardment, they will die of terror without it.

So be it. I shall not be there to see. But I shall wrap these lines up in a Red Cross flag and bury them among the ruins of Mulberry Grove, that, after

the excavations, the unnumbered readers of the Daily Mail may, in the enlightened year 2100, know what a siege and a bombardment were like.

Sometimes I think the siege would be just as bad without the bombardment.

In some ways it would be even worse; for the bombardment is something to notice and talk of, albeit languidly. But the siege is an unredeemed curse. Sieges are out of date. In the days of Troy, to be besieged or besieger was the natural lot of man; to give ten years at a stretch to it was all in a life's work; there was nothing else to do. In the days when a great victory was gained one year, and a fast frigate arrived with the news the next, a man still had leisure in his life for a year's siege now and again.

But to the man of 1899—or, by'r Lady, inclining to 1900—with five editions of the evening papers every day, a siege is a thousand-fold a hardship. We make it a grievance nowadays if we are a day behind the news—news that concerns us nothing.

And here we are with the enemy all round us, splashing melinite among us in most hours of the day, and for the best part of a month we have not even had any definite news about the men for whom we must wait to get out of it. We wait and wonder—first expectant, presently apathetic, and feel ourselves grow old.

Furthermore, we are in prison. We know now what Dartmoor feels like.

*From *From Capetown to Ladysmith*. By G. W. Steevens. Copyright, 1900, by Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, \$1.25.

The practised vagabond tires in a fortnight of a European capital; of Ladysmith he sickens in three hours.

Even when we could ride out ten or a dozen miles into the country, there was little that was new, nothing that was interesting. Now we lie at the bottom of the saucer and stare up at the pitiless ring of hills that bark death. Always the same stiff, naked ridges, flat capped with our intrenchments—always, always the same. As morning hardens to the brutal clearness of South African mid-day, they march in on you till Bulwan seems to tower over your very heads. There it is close over you, shady and of wide prospect; and if you try to go up you are a dead man.

Beyond is the world—war and love. Clery marching on Colenso, and all that a man holds dear in a little island under the North Star. But you sit here to be idly shot at. You are of it, but not in it—clean out of the world. To your world and to yourself, you are every bit as good as dead—except that dead men have no time to fill in.

I know now how a monk without a vocation feels. I know how a fly in a beer-bottle feels. I know how it tastes, too.

And with it all there is the melinite and the shrapnel. To be sure they give us the only pinprick of interest to be had in Ladysmith. It is something novel to live in this town turned inside out.

Where people should be the long, long day from dawn to daylight shows only a dead blank.

Where business should be, the sleepy shop-blinds droop. But where no business should be—along the crumbling ruts that lead no whither—clatter wagon after wagon, with curling whip lashes and piles of bread and hay.

Where no people should be—in the clefts at the river bank, in bald patches of veldt ringed with rocks, in over-

grown ditches—all these you find alive with men and beasts.

The place that a month ago was only fit to pitch empty meat-tins into is now priceless stable-room; two squadrons of troop horse pack flank to flank with its shelves. A scrub-entangled hole, which, perhaps, nobody save runaway Kaffirs ever set foot in before, is now the envied habitation of the balloon. The most worthless rock-heap below a perpendicular slope is now the choicest of town lots.

The whole centre of gravity of Ladysmith is changed. Its belly lies no longer in the multifarious emporia along the High Street, but in the earth-reddened, half-invisible tents that bashfully mark the commissariat stores. Its brain is not the Town Hall, the best target in Ladysmith, but headquarters under the stone-packed hill. The riddled Royal Hotel is its social centre no longer; it is to the trench-seamed Sailor's Camp or the wind-swept shoulders of Caesar's camp that men go to hear and tell the news.

Poor Ladysmith! Deserted in its markets, repeopled in its wastes; here ripped with iron splinters, there rising again into rail-roofed, rock-walled caves; trampled down in its gardens, manured where nothing can ever grow; skirts hemmed with sandbags and bowels bored with tunnels; the Boers may not have hurt us, but they have left their mark for years on her.

They have not hurt us much—and yet, the casualties mount up. Three today, two yesterday, four dead or dying, and seven wounded with one shell—they are nothing at all, but they mount up. I suppose we stand at about fifty now, and there will be more before we are done with it.

And then there are moments when even this dribbling bombardment can be appalling.

I happened into the centre of the town one day when the two big guns

were concentrating a cross-fire upon it. First from one side the shell came tearing madly in, with a shrill, a blast. A mountain of earth, and a hailstorm of stones on iron roofs. Houses winced at the buffet. Men ran madly away from it. A dog rushed out yelping—and on the yelp, from the other quarter, came the next shell. Along the broad, straight street not a vehicle, not a white man was to be seen. Only a herd of niggers cowering under flimsy fences at a corner.

Another crash and quaking, and this time in a cloud of dust an outbuilding jumped and tumbled asunder. A horse streaked down the street with trailing halter. Round the corner scurried the niggers; the next was due from Peppworth's.

Then the tearing scream; horror! It was coming from Bulwan. Again the annihilating blast, and not ten yards away. A roof gaped, and a house leaped to pieces. A black reeled over, then terror plucked him up again, and sent him running.

Head down, hands over ears, they tore down the street, and from the other side swooped down the implacable, irresistible next.

You come out of the dust and the stench of mellinite, not knowing where you are, hardly knowing whether you were hit—only knowing that the next was rushing on its way. No eyes to see it, no limbs to escape, no bulwark to protect, no army to avenge. You squirm between iron fingers.

Nothing to do but endure.

THE BUNCH OF YELLOW ROSES.*

"I always feared something would happen to Mary," Mrs. Myrover said. "It seemed unnatural for her to be wearing herself out teaching little negroes who ought to have been working for her. But the world has hardly been a fit place to live in since the war, and when I follow her, as I must before long, I shall not be sorry to go."

She gave strict orders that no colored person should be admitted to the house. Some of her friends heard of this, and remonstrated. They knew the teacher was loved by the pupils, and felt that sincere respect from the humble would be a worthy tribute to the proudest. But Mrs. Myrover was obdurate.

"They had my daughter when she was alive," she said, "and they've killed her. But she's mine now, and I won't

have them come near her. I don't want one of them at the funeral or anywhere round."

For a month before Miss Myrover's death Sophy had been watching her rosebush—the one that bore the yellow roses—for the first buds of spring, and when these had appeared, had awaited impatiently their gradual unfolding, but not until her teacher's death had they become full-blown roses. When Miss Myrover died, Sophy determined to pluck the roses and lay them on her coffin. Perhaps, she thought, they might even put them in her hand or on her breast. For Sophy remembered Miss Myrover's thanks and praise when she brought her the yellow roses the spring before.

On the morning of the day set for the funeral, Sophy washed her face till it shone, combed and brushed her hair with painful conscientiousness, put on

*From *The Wife of His Youth*. By Charles W. Chesnut. Copyright, 1899, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.

her best frock, plucked her yellow roses, and, tying them with the treasured ribbon her teacher had given her, set out for Miss Myrover's home.

She went round to the side gate—the house stood on a corner—and stole up the path to the kitchen. A colored woman, whom she did not know, came to the door.

"W'at yer want, chile?" she inquired.

"Kin I see Miss Ma'y?" asked Sophy, timidly.

"I don't know, honey. Ole Miss Myrover say she don't want no cullud folks roun' de house endyoin' dis fun'al. I'll look an' see if she's roun' de front room whar de co'pse is. You set down heah an' keep still, an' ef she's upstairs maybe I kin git yer in dere a minute. Ef I can't I kin put yer bokay 'mong's de res', whar she won't know nuthin' erbout it."

A moment after she had gone, there was a step in the hall, and old Mrs. Myrover came into the kitchen.

"Dinah!" she said, in a peevish tone; "Dinah!"

Receiving no answer, Mrs. Myrover peered round the kitchen, and caught sight of Sophy.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"I—I'm-m waiting to see the cook, ma'am," stammered Sophy.

"The cook isn't here now. I don't know where she is. Besides, my daughter is to be buried to-day, and I won't have any one visiting the servants until the funeral is over. Come back some other day, or see the cook at her own home in the evening."

She stood waiting for the child to go, and under the keen glance of her eyes Sophy, feeling as though she had been caught in some disgraceful act, hurried down the walk, and out of the gate, with her bouquet in her hand.

"Dinah," said Mrs. Myrover, when the cook came back, "I don't want any strange people admitted here to-day.

The house will be full of our friends, and we have no room for others."

"Yas'm," said the cook. She understood perfectly what her mistress meant; and what the cook thought about her mistress was a matter of no consequence.

The funeral services were held in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, where the Myrovers had always worshipped. Quite a number of Miss Myrover's pupils went to the church to attend the services. The building was not a large one. There was a small gallery in at the rear, to which colored people were admitted, if they chose to come at ordinary services; and those who wished to be present at the funeral supposed that the usual custom would prevail. They were therefore surprised, when they went to the side entrance, by which colored people gained access to the gallery stairs, to be met by an usher who barred their passage.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I have had orders to admit no one until the friends of the family have all been seated. If you wish to wait until the white people have all gone in, and there's any room left, you may be able to get into the back part of the gallery. Of course I can't tell you whether there'll be any room or not."

Now the statement of the usher was a very reasonable one, but, strange to say, none of the colored people chose to remain except Sophy. She still hoped to use her floral offering for its destined end, in some way, though she did not know just how. She waited in the yard until the church was filled with white people, and a number who could not gain admittance were standing about the doors. Then she went round to the side of the church, and, depositing her bouquet carefully on an old mossy gravestone, climbed up on the projecting sill of a window near the chancel. The window was of stained glass of somewhat ancient make. The

church was old, had indeed been built in colonial times, and the stained glass had been brought from England. The design of the window showed Jesus blessing little children. Time had dealt gently with the window, but just at the feet of the figure of Jesus a small triangular piece of glass had been broken out. To this aperture Sophy applied her eyes, and through it saw and heard what she could of the services within.

Before the chancel, on trestles draped in black, stood the sombre casket in which lay all that was mortal of her dear teacher. The top of the casket was covered with flowers, and lying stretched out underneath it she saw Miss Myrover's little, white dog, Prince. He had followed the body to the church, and, slipping in unnoticed among the mourners, had taken his place, from which no one had the heart to remove him.

The white-robed rector read the solemn service for the dead, and then delivered a brief address, in which he dwelt upon the uncertainty of life, and, to the believer, the certain blessedness of eternity. He spoke of Miss Myrover's kindly spirit, and, as an illustration of her love and self-sacrifice for others, referred to her labors as a teacher of the poor ignorant negroes, who had been placed in their midst by an all-wise Providence, and whom it was their duty to guide and direct in the station in which God had put them. Then the organ pealed, a prayer was said, and the long cortège moved from the church to the cemetery, about half a mile away, where the body was to be interred.

When the services were over, Sophy sprang down from her perch, and, taking her flowers, followed the procession. She did not walk with the rest, but at a proper and respectful distance from the last mourner. No one noticed the little black girl with the bunch of yel-

low flowers, or thought of her as interested in the funeral.

The cortège reached the cemetery and filed slowly through the gate; but Sophy stood outside, looking at a small sign in white letters on a black background:—

"Notice. This cemetery is for white people only. Others please keep out."

Sophy, thanks to Miss Myrover's painstaking instruction, could read this sign very distinctly. In fact she had often read it before. For Sophy was a child who loved beauty in a blind, groping sort of way, and had sometimes stood by the fence of the cemetery and looked through at the green mounds and shaded walks, and blooming flowers within, and wished that she might walk among them. She knew, too, that the little sign on the gate, though so courteously worded, was no mere formality; for she had heard how a colored man, who had wandered into the cemetery on a hot night and fallen asleep on the flat top of a tomb, had been arrested as a vagrant and fined five dollars, which he had worked out on the streets, with a ball-and-chain attachment, at twenty-five cents a day. Since that time the cemetery gate had been locked at night.

So Sophy stayed outside and looked through the fence. Her poor bouquet had begun to droop by this time, and the yellow ribbon had lost some of its freshness. Sophy could see the rector standing by the grave, the mourners gathered round; she could faintly distinguish the solemn words with which ashes were committed to ashes, and dust to dust. She heard the hollow thud of the earth falling on the coffin; she leaned against the iron fence, sobbing softly, until the grave was filled and rounded off, and the wreaths and other floral pieces were disposed about it. When the mourners began to move toward the gate, Sophy walked slowly down the street, in a direction opposite

to that taken by most of the people who came out.

When they had all gone away, and the sexton had come out and locked the gate behind him, Sophy crept back. Her roses had faded now, and from some of them the petals had fallen. She stood there irresolute, loath to leave with her heart's desire unsatisfied when, as her eyes sought again the teacher's last resting-place, she saw lying beside the new made grave what looked like a small bundle of white wool. Sophy's eyes lightened up with a sudden glow.

"Prince! Here, Prince!" she called.

The little dog rose and trotted down to the gate. Sophy pushed the bouquet between the iron bars.

"Take that ter Miss Ma'y, Prince," she said, "that's a good doggie."

The dog wagged his tail intelligently, took the bouquet carefully in his mouth, carried it to his mistress's grave and laid it among the other flowers. The bunch of roses was so small that from where she stood Sophy could see only a dash of yellow against the white background of the mass of flowers.

When Prince had performed his mission he turned his eyes toward Sophy inquiringly, and, when she gave him a nod of approval, lay down and resumed his watch by the grave-side. Sophy looked at him a moment with a feeling very much like envy, and then turned and moved slowly away.

NEKHLUDOFF.*

Suddenly there arose in NekhlúdoFF's mind an extremely vivid picture of a prisoner with black, slightly-squinting eyes, and how she began to cry when the last words of the prisoners had been heard; and he hurriedly put out his cigarette; pressing it into the ash pan, lit another and began pacing up and down the room. One after another the scenes he had lived through with her arose in his mind. He recalled that last interview with her. He remembered the white dress, the blue sash, the early mass. "Why, I loved her, really loved her, with a good, pure love that night; I loved her even before; yes, I loved her when I lived with my aunts the first time and was writing my composition." And he remembered himself as he had been then. A breath of that freshness, youth and fulness of life

seemed to touch him, and he grew painfully sad. Then he was true and fearless, and innumerable possibilities lay ready to open before him; now he felt himself caught in the meshes of a stupid, empty, valueless, frivolous life, out of which he saw no means of extricating himself, if he wished to, which he hardly did. He remembered how proud he was at one time of his straightforwardness, how he had made a rule of always speaking the truth, and really had been truthful; and how he was now sunk deep in lies; in the most dreadful of lies—lies considered a truth by all who surrounded him. And, as far as he could see, there was no way out of these lies. He had sunk in the mire, got used to it, indulged himself in it.

How was he to break off his relations with Mary Vasilievna and her husband in such a way as to be able to look him and his children

*From *Resurrection*. By Count Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Mrs. Louise Maude. Copyright, 1900, Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, \$1.50.

in the eyes? How disentangle himself from Missy? How choose between the two opposites—the recognition that holding land was unjust, and the heritage from his mother? How atone for his sin against Katúsha? This last, at any rate, could not be left as it was. He could not abandon a woman he had loved, and satisfy himself by paying money to an advocate to save her from hard labor in Siberia. She had not even deserved hard labor. Atone for a fault by paying money. Had he not *then*, when he gave her the money, thought he was atoning for his fault?

And he clearly recalled to mind that moment when, having caught her up in the passage he thrust the money into her bib and ran away. "Oh, that money!" he thought, with the same horror and disgust he had then felt. "Oh, dear! oh dear! how disgusting!" he cried, as loud as he had done then. "Only a scoundrel, a knave, could do such a thing. And I—I am that knave, that scoundrel!" He went on aloud: "But is it possible?"—he stopped and stood still—"is it possible that I am really a scoundrel?" . . . "Well, who but I?" he answered himself. "And then, is this the only thing?" he went on, convicting himself. "Was not my conduct towards Mary Vasilievna and her husband base and disgusting? And my position with regard to money? To use riches considered by me unlawful on the plea that they are inherited from my mother? And the whole of my idle detestable life? And my conduct towards Katúsha to crown all? Knave and scoundrel! Let men judge me as they like, I can deceive them; but myself I cannot deceive."

And suddenly, he understood the aversion he had lately, and particularly to-day, felt for everybody—the Prince and Sophia Vasilievna and Corney and Missy—was an aversion for himself. And, strange to say, in this acknowledgment of his baseness there was

something painful, yet joyful and quieting.

More than once in Nekhlúdoſſ's life there had been what he called a "cleansing of the soul." By "cleansing of the soul" he meant a state of mind in which, after a long period of sluggish inner life, a total cessation of its activity, he began to clear out all the rubbish that had accumulated in his soul and was the cause of the cessation of the true life. His soul needed cleansing as a watch does. After such an awakening Nekhlúdoſſ always made some rules for himself which he meant to follow forever after, wrote his diary, and began afresh a life which he hoped never to change again. "Turning over a new leaf," he called it to himself in English. But each time the temptations of the world entrapped him, and, without noticing it, he fell again, often lower than before.

Thus, he had several times in his life raised and cleansed himself. The first time this happened was during the summer he spent with his aunts; that was his most vital and rapturous awakening, and its effects had lasted some time. Another awakening was when he gave up civil service and joined the army in war time, ready to sacrifice his life. But here the choking-up process was soon accomplished. Then an awakening came when he left the army and went abroad, devoting himself to art.

From that time until this day a long period had elapsed without any cleansing, and, therefore, the discord between the demands of his conscience and the life he was leading was greater than it had ever been before. He was horror-struck when he saw how great the divergence was. It was so great, and the defilement so complete that he despaired of ever getting cleansed. "Have you not tried before to perfect yourself and become better, and nothing has come of it?" whispered the voice of the

tempter within. "What is the use of trying any more? Are you the only one?—All are alike, such is life," whispered the voice. But the spiritual being, which alone is true, alone powerful, alone eternal, had already awakened in Nekhlúdoſſ, and he could not but believe it. Enormous though the distance was between what he wished to be and what he was, nothing appeared insurmountable to the newly-awakened spiritual being.

"At any cost, I will break this lie which blinds me and confess everything, and will tell everybody the truth, and act the truth," he said, resolutely, aloud. "I shall tell Missy the truth; tell her I am a profligate and cannot marry her, and have only uselessly upset her. I shall tell Mary Vasillevna—Oh, there is nothing to tell *her*. I shall tell her husband that I, scoundrel that I am, have been deceiving him. I shall dispose of the inheritance in such a way as to acknowledge the truth. I shall tell her, Katúsha, that I am a scoundrel, and have sinned towards her, and will do all I can to ease her lot. Yes, I will see her and will ask her to forgive me."

"Yes, I will beg her pardon, as children do." He stopped—"will marry her if necessary." He stopped again, folded his hands in front of his breast, as he used to do when a little child, lifted his eyes, and said, addressing some one: "Lord, help me, teach me, come enter within me, and purify me of all this abomination."

He prayed God to help him, to enter into him, and what he was praying for had happened already; the God within him had awakened his consciousness. He felt himself one with Him, and therefore felt not only the freedom, fulness and joy of life, but all the power of righteousness. All, all the best that a man could do he felt capable of doing.

His eyes filled with tears as he was saying all this to himself, good and bad tears; good because they were tears of joy at the awakening of the spiritual being within him, the being which had been asleep all these years; and bad tears because they were tears of tenderness to himself at his own goodness.

He felt hot and went to the window and opened it. The window opened into a garden. It was a moonlit, quiet, fresh night; a vehicle rattled past and then all was still. The shadow of a tall poplar fell on the ground just opposite the window, and all the intricate pattern of its branches was clearly defined on the clean-swept gravel. To the left the roof of a coach-house shone white in the moonlight. In front the black shadow of the garden wall was visible through the tangled branches of the trees.

Nekhlúdoſſ gazed at the roof, the moonlit garden, and the shadows of the poplar, and drank in the fresh, invigorating air.

"How delightful, how delightful; oh, God, how delightful!" he said, meaning that which was going on in his soul.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The publication of Mr. Leonard Huxley's biography of his father has been postponed, probably until autumn.

Miss Mary Kingsley has embarked for Cape Town, where she will devote

herself to helping and taking care of the nurses, and to nursing such of them as fall ill in the care of the wounded.

The latest signal success in the field of American historical fiction is Miss

Johnston's "To Have and To Hold," which, at last accounts, had passed the 100,000 mark, and was still in eager demand.

While the war in South Africa has dealt a heavy blow to the English book trade, one English publisher has hit upon a device for stimulating the sale of a series of novels by offering a prize of \$500 to the reader of any of his books who predicts correctly the day and month on which a treaty of peace will be signed.

Mr. Alleyne Ireland's little volume on "The Anglo-Boer Conflict," published by Small, Maynard & Co., is an attempt to present a compact record of the differences between England and the Transvaal, and the negotiations leading up to the present war. The writer's sympathies are strongly with England, but he has made a commendable effort to be fair.

Three promising books of fiction are among the spring announcements of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: "The Son of the Wolf," a book of stirring and realistic short stories, by "Jack London;" "Knights in Fustian," by Caroline Brown, a story of "Copperhead" conspiracies in Indiana in the period of the civil war; and "The Queen's Garden," by Mrs. M. E. M. Davis, which is said to be a charming romance.

The dainty, compact and attractive "Beacon Biographies," published by Small, Maynard & Co., have suggested a corresponding series of brief memoirs of eminent Englishmen, the American editions of which will be published by the same house. The new series is to be called "The Westminster Biographies" and will correspond closely in details, as well as in general plan, to the "Beacon Biographies," except that they will be bound in red instead of in blue

cloth. Defoe, Wesley and Browning are the subjects of the volumes first on the list.

Others beside Catholic readers will find helpful thoughts in the addresses of the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, which are collected in a little book called "Opportunity." There are eight of these and they chiefly concern themselves with matters educational or patriotic. The anti-imperialist views of Bishop Spalding are here vigorously set forth. A. C. McClurg & Co. are the publishers.

The publication of Mr. G. W. Steevens's last book, "From Cape Town to Ladysmith" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), will make more deep and poignant the sense of regret for the author's untimely death. Beyond almost any other newspaper writer of his time, Mr. Steevens had the faculty of seizing a salient situation and presenting it in vivid and forceful English. To read these pages is to be in the very centre of the stir of the incidents described, and to share the perils and tedium of the long and wasting siege. It is a pity that Mr. Steevens was not spared to tell us what the lifting of that siege meant to the beleaguered garrison and residents.

A book sure to arouse both friendly and hostile discussion is a treatise on "The Domestic Blunders of Women," which purports to be written by "A Mere Man." It deals with the servant problem, the questions of bills and of breakage, the proper feeding, clothing, and training of the, as it affirms, downtrodden infant, and the inconveniences to which no less downtrodden man is cruelly subject. Underneath the humorous, and at times exaggerated, tone of many of these "skits" there is a good deal of practical common-sense, and an uncertainty as to whether they are really the work of a man's pen or not,

adds to the interest. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

An unusual sense of reality pervades that striking study of tenement life "Poor People," by I. K. Friedman. The story does not purport to be told by an outsider, student of sociology or otherwise, but to come from the pen of one of the lodgers, and to be his simple record—dignified, and yet touching—of the crises through which his family passes. The heroine is his daughter, a sewing-girl of a lovely character, and the hero the German watch-mender and writer of plays who lives on the floor above. Strong as the interest in these young people becomes, it is, after all, the writer himself, the anxious father and the patient, cheerful mother, who, in their old age and their affectionate solitudes, most insistently appeal to the reader. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The life of Charles Francis Adams, by his son Charles Francis Adams, published in the American Statesmen Series by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., will be immediately recognized as one of the most important volumes in a series of exceptional value. In a sense, it is, perhaps, the most important volume, for the writer has had access to and has drawn freely upon unpublished documents relating to the diplomatic history of a critical period, when the issues of peace and war between the United States and England were in the balance, and no human influence did more than the mingled tact and firmness of Mr. Adams, then American Minister to England, to turn the scales towards peace. It is a story of absorbing interest.

A "problem story," whose scene is laid in a most interesting quarter of the globe, is Evelyn Dickinson's "Hearts Importunate," which Dodd, Mead & Co. publish. The hero, Ralph Hazell, with

a bitter past to be forgotten, buys a sheep ranch in New South Wales, with the intention of spending all his energies courageously in improving it. The heroine is a beautiful young English woman, Avis Fletcher, who has lived eight years in the "Bush," and has a bitter secret of her own, which her devoted mother, as well as her foster-mother in Sidney, carefully guard from the world. The intimacy of these two people, and the working out of the difference between the judgment of society and the judgment of the individual, make up the romance.

Studies of married life are often unsatisfactory in moral tone, but a notable exception is "The Prelude and the Play," by Rufus Mann. The book is earnest, logical, and helpful. The "prelude" recounts the wooing of a beautiful college girl, an idealist, Alexandra Gordon, by the manly young captain of the "Canterbury" eleven, near "Botolph." But the play begins in earnest when Alexandra finds that she must apply to her own needs the elaborate theories as to the retaining or recapturing of a husband's heart with which she so diligently armed herself before marriage. The gradual alienation of the two, and, at last, the conclusion of the whole matter is interestingly portrayed. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The heroine of Katharine Tynan's pretty story, "She Walks in Beauty," is difficult to determine, for the title might well fit any one of the four winsome Irish maidens who figure in it. Three of these are daughters of a country gentleman, poor and scholarly, whose pupil, one of the two heroes of the tale, falls in love with Miss "Pam." His cold-hearted, worldly mother, a dainty city cousin who may prove to be a rival but doesn't, and a second, elderly hero—who rises steadily in the admiration of the reader, and is at last

discovered to stand high in the favor of at least one of the heroines—serve as complicators of the plot, which comes to a pleasing disentanglement in the end. As a simple and light-hearted romance for girls, the story will be much liked. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Tolstoi is not the only novelist who can portray passion, seduction, despair and degradation with a masterly though revolting realism. But in the intense moral conviction which unites with a knowledge of human nature at its worst, a belief in its imperishable capacity for the best, he stands unrivalled. To describe a man of confirmed and vicious habits as awakened by a sudden meeting to a sense of his responsibility for the victim of an almost forgotten passion, as sacrificing career, position and even reputation in the effort to rescue her from the depths to which she had gradually sunk, and as finally succeeding—this is the task which Tolstoi sets himself in his latest novel, "The Resurrection." The action and the reaction of the two lives upon each other affords opportunity for the display of his great powers at their best, and in spite of passages of almost brutal candor, the whole effect of the book is not to depress, but to inspire. The translation by Mrs. Louise Maude is clear and direct. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The pioneer who is the hero of Rowland Robinson's story of the Green Mountain Boys a century and a quarter ago, "The Danvis Pioneer," is one Josiah Hill, who sets forth, as a young man, to make a home for himself in the wilderness over which Ethan Allen acts as self-appointed guardian. The adventures of the youth, the growth of his acquaintance with Allen, his successes and failures, his connection with much that concerned "Fort Ti," his

fight with Indians, his romantic marriage that yet was not a romance, and the after-course of a sturdy, effective, well-rounded life, make up the book. It abounds in shrewdness and a humor that is also shrewd, and is a graphic study of stirring times. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The order of everyday life in Poland is still so remote to the intelligence of the average novel-reader that it must serve to give an added zest to a love story of which it forms the setting. In "One Year," by Dorothea Gerard, the heroine is Jadwiga, the beautiful daughter of an aristocratic Polish family. The plot is worked out partly by means of letters written home to England by the cool-headed English governess, who watches the manœuvres of the rival lovers, with a clear understanding of their respective limitations. The tale is not without a tragic note, and the suggestion of a past mystery is well developed. Dodd, Mead & Co. are the publishers.

The "Practical Agitation" to which Mr. John Jay Chapman invites, in the group of essays bearing that title, which the Scribners publish, is, for the most part, an agitation for the realization of ideals in politics and government—with some excursions in the fields of literature and journalism. Mr. Chapman preaches strenuously, but he has also acted strenuously in the directions which he points out; although, as he would himself frankly admit, with indifferent success. His tone is not hopeful, his estimate of public men and policies is decidedly too pessimistic; but it is always somewhat refreshing to hear a voice crying in the wilderness, and it is not necessary fully to accept his judgments to appreciate his sincerity.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Agitation, Practical. By John Jay Chapman. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.25.
- Andromeda: an Idyl of the Great River. By Robert Buchanan. Chatto & Windus.
- Anglo-Boer Conflict, The. By Alleyne Ireland. Small, Maynard & Co. Price, \$0.75.
- Bending of the Bough, The. By George Moore. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Boer States, The. By A. H. Keane, M. A. Methuen & Co.
- Capetown to Ladysmith, From. By G. W. Steevens. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, \$1.25.
- Cardinal's Musketeer, The. By M. Imlay Taylor. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.25.
- Chinatown Stories. By Chester Bailey Fernald. W. Heinemann.
- Danvis Pioneer, A. By Rowland Robinson. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. Price, \$1.25.
- Domestic Blunders of Women, The. By A Mere Man. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price, \$1.00.
- Folly Corner. By Mrs. H. E. Doudney. W. Heinemann.
- Fortune of War, The. By Elizabeth N. Barrows. Henry Holt & Co.
- Four Gospels, The Special Characteristics of the. By Herbert Mortimer Luckok. Longmans & Co.
- Glimpses of Old Bombay and Western India. By James Douglas. Sampson, Low, Marston & Co.
- Hearts Importunate. By Evelyn Dickinson. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, \$1.25.
- Heart of the Dancer, The. By Percy White. Hutchinson & Co.
- Legends of Vergil, The Unpublished. Collected by C. G. Leland. Elliot Stock.
- Marvels and Mysteries. By Richard Marsh. Methuen & Co.
- Modder River with Methuen, To. By Alfred Kinnear.
- Octave, An. By W. E. Norris. Methuen & Co.
- Œuvres Complètes de Molière. The Oxford Molière. Clarendon Press.
- One Year. By Dorothea Gerard. Dodd Mead & Co. Price, \$1.25.
- Opportunity, and Other Essays. By J. L. Spalding. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.00.
- Poor People. By I. K. Friedman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Prelude and the Play, The. By Rufus Mann. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. By C. Kinloch Cooke. John Murray.
- Psychology of Religion, The. By E. D. Starbuck. Walter Scott.
- Rajah Brooke. By Sir Spenser St. John G. C. M. G. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Resurrection. By Leo Tolstol. Authorized Translation by Mrs. Louise Maude. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Russian Literature, A History of. By R. Waliszewski. W. Heinemann.
- She Walks in Beauty. By Katharine Tynan. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Songs of the Glens of Antrim. Moira O'Neill. Blackwoods.
- War in South Africa, The. By J. A. Hobson. J. Nisbet & Co.
- Waters of Edera. By Ouida. T. Fisher Unwin.
- World's Mercy, The. By Maxwell Gray. W. Heinemann.